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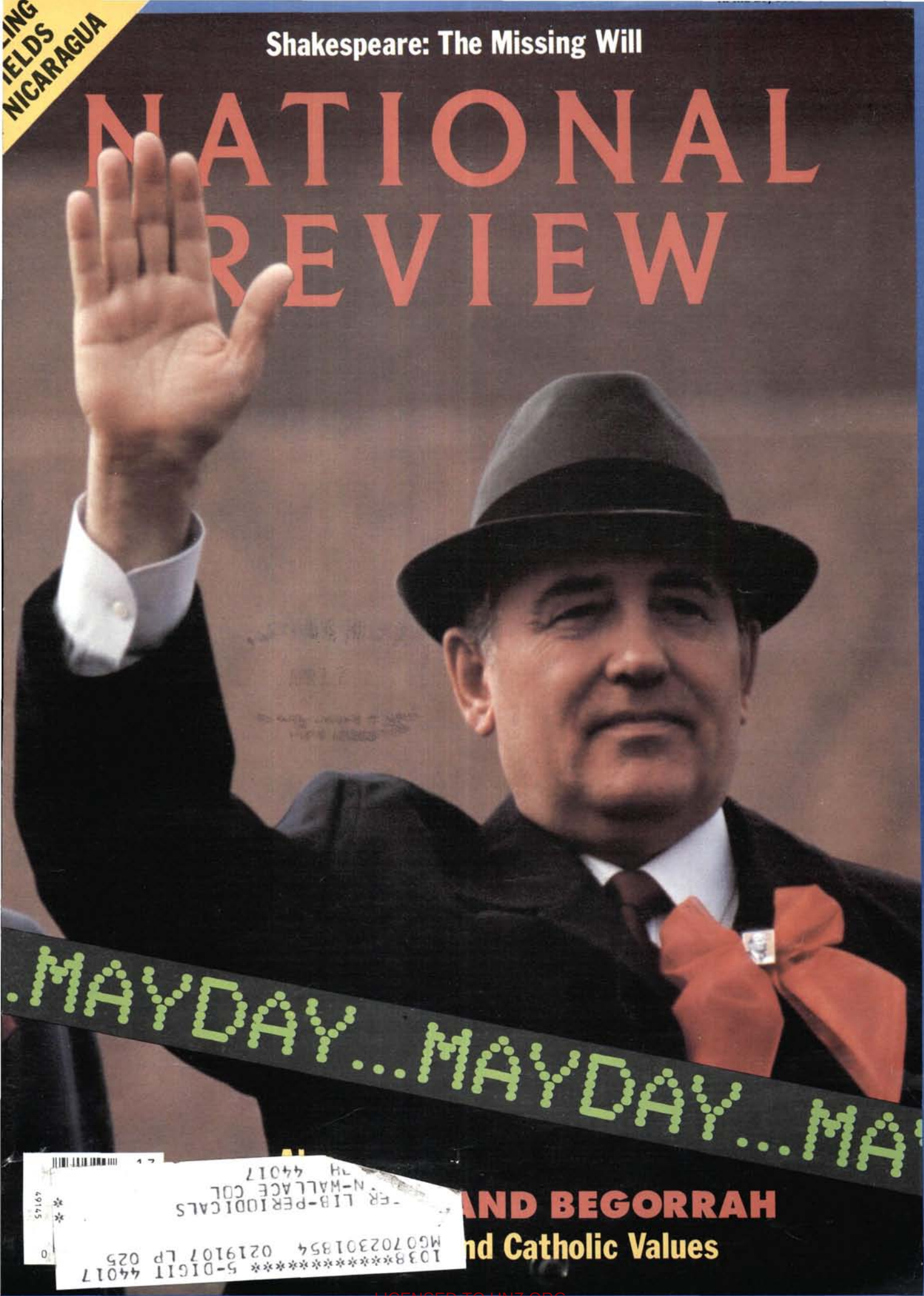
Shakespeare: The Missing Will

NATIONAL REVIEW



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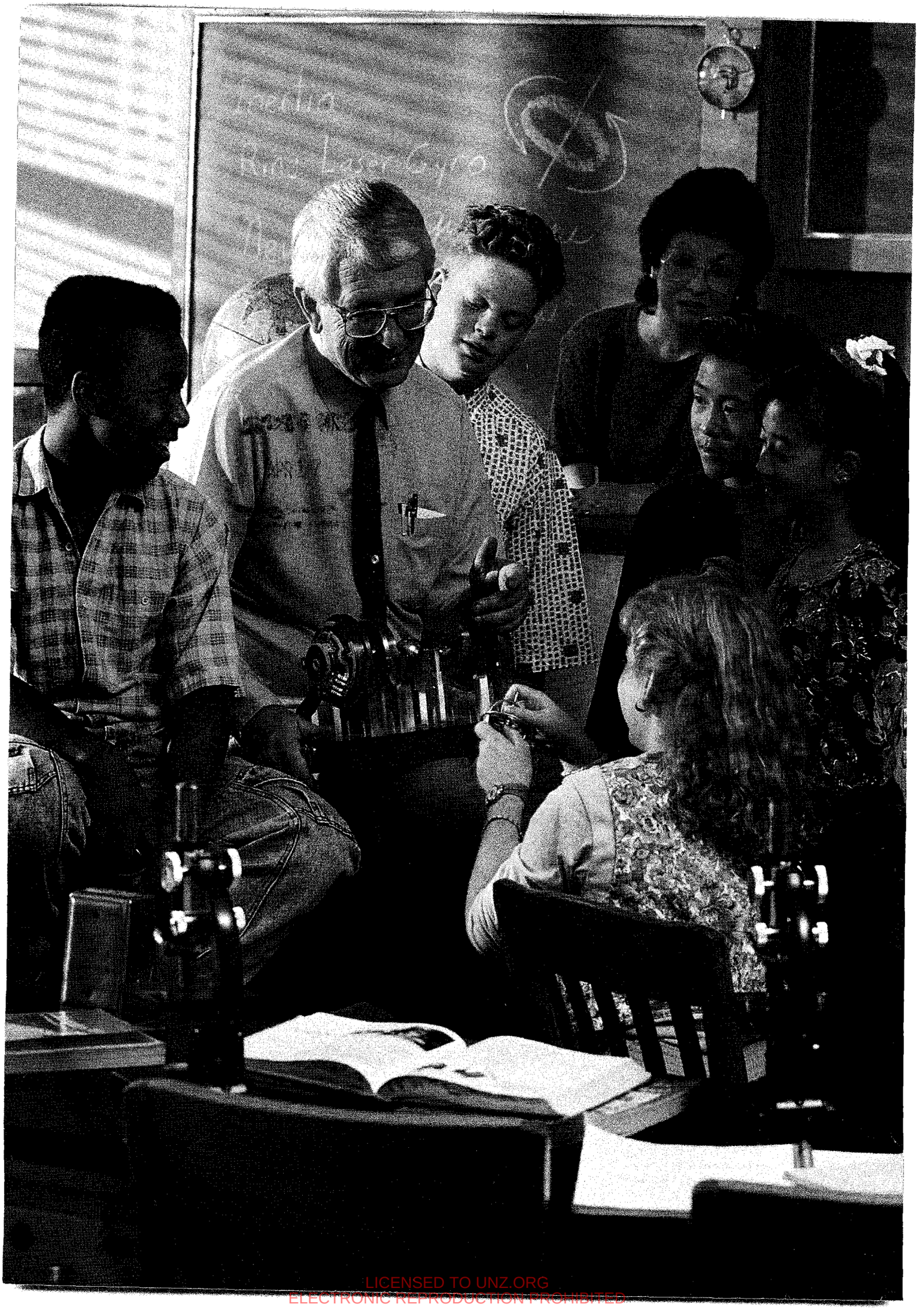

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NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 29, 1991 VOL. XLIII, NO. 7

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Will Gorbachev crack down or step down? Will Yeltsin replace him? **David Satter** reports that Moscow is on the brink of revolution or counter-revolution as the shops run out of food. . . . Will the proletariat break up the evil empire? **Radek Sikorski** visits striking Ukrainian miners.

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The Audit Bureau

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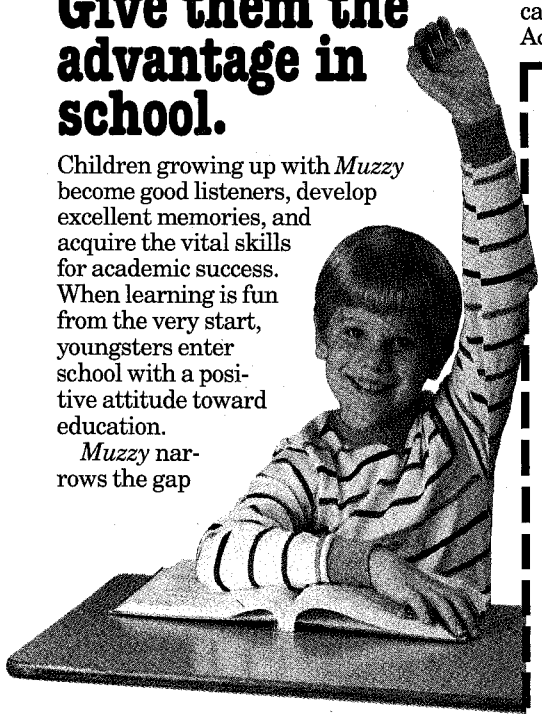

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LETTERS

Publishing Right

Brad Miner is concerned that Regnery Gateway has abandoned its commitment to publish conservative books ["Random Notes," April 15]. We get accused of a lot of things, but rarely of *not* being sufficiently conservative; this happens so rarely, I hardly know how to defend myself. Happily for readers, Mr. Miner got most of his facts wrong.

No self-respecting book publisher, including Regnery Gateway, publishes one kind of book. We publish a diverse list with product attractive to many different interests. Thus we have always published many books that are not conservative; that tradition continues on as it always has.

By the same token, we are well known for our conservative publishing. We issued Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's *Leftism Revisited* earlier this month (a review of which appeared in the very same issue of *NR* as Mr. Miner's column). Phillip Johnson's *Darwin on Trial* comes at the end of April. *The Conservative Constitution*, by Russell Kirk, was published earlier this year, as was Dixy Lee Ray's *Trashing the Planet*. We recently did a paperback edition of *Right from the Beginning*, by Pat Buchanan; Mr. Buchanan also wrote a long and penetrating introduction for the thirtieth-anniversary edition of Barry Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Conservative*.

That our three principal political books to be published in the fall of 1991 are all written by Democrats says more about the message portrayed than about the messengers: included in that list will be *Minority Party: Why the Democrats Cannot Win in 1992*, by Peter Brown; *Hill Rat*, by John Jackley, an exposé of the inner workings of the House of Representatives; and an updated version of *The Best Congress Money Can Buy*, by Philip Stern.

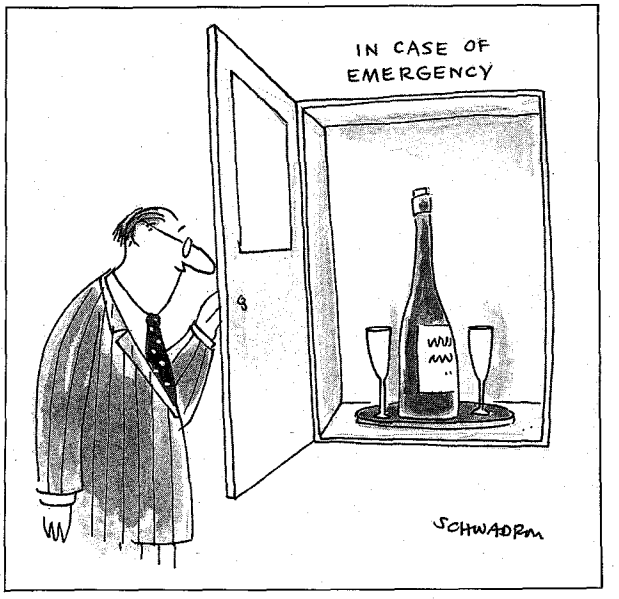
Completely ignored by Mr. Miner is the fact that we keep hundreds of books, published in years past, in print and available to the reading public. Among those are titles such as *God and Man at Yale*, by Bill Buckley; Russell Kirk's *Conservative Mind*; *Suicide of the West*, by James Burnham; *Witness*, by Whittaker Chambers; and too many more to count. The economics of doing so hardly make it worth it, but if we didn't, who would?

The economics of publishing new conservative books is normally quite discouraging business as well. The book buyer plunking down $19.95 for the latest non-fiction at Waldenbooks probably does not realize that the publisher gets about $2.50 of that, with which he is supposed to advertise and promote the book, pay the rent and the employees, and, if he is lucky, show a profit at the end of the year. If we sell 15,000 copies of a book—which is certainly the exception rather than the rule—we might make a little something, but financially it is hardly worth the effort. So we attempt to make up the difference with other books for which the market is much wider. We do what any well run business does—produce other products, in our case books with wider markets and margins, in order to make ends meet. I am surprised that offends the editorial staff at NATIONAL REVIEW.

The concern that we are not aggressive enough in seeking out new books is also wrong. Let me simply point out that among many other projects emanating from inside, Ed Meese is writing what we believe will be the definitive account of Ronald Reagan and his Presidency—a book that we conceived and convinced Mr. Meese to write, for publication in the spring of 1992, under the title *With Reagan: The Inside Story*.

NATIONAL REVIEW, and particularly Mr. Miner, should check their facts more carefully before making needless accusations.

Alfred S. Regnery
Washington, D.C.



Russians and Serbs

Congratulations to Radek Sikorski for his thoughtful appraisal of the situation in Yugoslavia ["On the Scene," March 18]. While it is often pointed out that Serbia was historically subjected to the Ottoman empire, it is rarely mentioned that its chosen paragon has long been Russia. During the seventeenth century, Serbs fleeing the Turks settled in Hungary, and to counteract the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, they appealed to Russia for support. Russian Church Slavonic soon replaced Serbian Church Slavonic as the language of the Serbian Orthodox Church, and the Russian language became a major literary and linguistic influence. The Serbian desire to dominate the other Yugoslavian republics is also paralleled by "Russification" attempts in the USSR.

Given this close association, and the current unrest in the Russian Republic, the demonstrations in Serbia are not surprising. Sadly, the demise of Communism will not necessarily ease ethnic tensions. The main opposition leader in Serbia's last election, and the man whose name was being chanted during the protests, Vuk Drashkovich, is even more chauvinistic than the current president.

Drashkovich's nationalist party resembles in some ways the Russian Pamyat. Like the Communists (renamed the Socialists) who defeated him, he has no sensible economic policy, and is thus unable to address the root cause of much of the unrest. His campaign platform included carving up the rest of Yugoslavia to bring all Serbs into one state, which is an outright invitation to civil war, since doing so would involve the incorporation of tens of thousands of unwilling Albanians, Bosnians, Croats, and Hungarians.

Martin Hrgovčič
Houston, Tex.

Radio Days Gone By

You gave a three-quarter-column eulogy to Harold "Red" Grange,

(Continues on page 61)

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How To Make Yourself Judgment Proof

Lawsuit explosion in U.S. makes it mandatory to protect yourself from judgments caused by creditors, customers, patients, employees, the IRS, or even an ex-spouse

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- Three critical conditions property transfers must meet to keep free and clear of any creditor claims. See page 9.
- How to assure that a *prenuptial agreement* is a sound asset protection plan, not a giveaway program. See page 212.
- **Why asset protection is both 100% legal and smart. See page 6.**
- Three ways to create an installment plan creditors must accept. See page 58.
- How to legally shift wealth and income to younger members of the family. See page 158.
- Eight invaluable tips for judgment proofing your assets. See pages 11.
- Twenty harassment techniques you can stop creditors from using against you. See pages 53-54.
- *Debt settlement secrets.* Proven ways to reduce, settle and discharge present or potential liabilities on advantageous terms before they become a threat to your property. See pages 4-6.
- You can avoid bankruptcy forever if you meet one very important condition. See page 58.
- State-by-state report on what income is exempt from creditor claims. See pages 151-155.
- **The single most important action you must take to gain the cooperation of creditors. See page 59.**
- Seven crucial points in negotiating settlements with creditors. See page 60.
- Where to find competent professional assistance in dealing with creditors. See pages 61-62.
- A powerful sample letter which shows how to ask for extended payments with creditors. See page 77.
- **100% legal method of transferring assets to beat the IRS. See pages 93-94.**
- Model letter which can help you arrange an out-of-court settlement. See page 75.
- Three principle reasons to set up a trust. See page 157.
- How to stop repossession of personal property. See page 87.
- *Asset transfer secrets.* The two crucial steps that must be taken to avoid transfers of assets that in any way could be deemed fraudulent. See page 6.
- How to legally transfer your home to avoid a tax liability. See page 205.
- Why your creditors will approve your Chapter 13 plan in almost every case. See page 114.
- **Two ways forming a corporation can protect your assets. See page 190.**
- How to limit your personal liability and corporate guarantees. See page 210.
- Why creditors have eight major obstacles in going after an interest in a limited partnership. See page 189.
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- When your spouse and children should hold all the stock in a corporation. See page 210.
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- How to legally divide assets in a marriage through trusts so that the business owner's spouse becomes "judgment proof." See page 161.
- Limited partnerships can shield your interests from the reach of most creditors. See page 188.
- How to obtain a release from an IRS Notice of Levy. See page 91.
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- Why you should immediately file for a Homestead Exemption to protect your rights regardless of your financial condition. See page 145.
- When to consider using multiple corporations. See page 192.
- Answers to important questions about Chapter 13. See page 118.
- How to avoid IRS seizure of bank accounts. See page 203.
- When using joint bank accounts can be a very dangerous practice. See page 169.
- When filing separate tax returns rather than a joint return can be advantageous in protecting assets. See page 205.
- How to get IRS seizures released and your property back. See page 91.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Doing Nothing Badly

■ A month ago, I expressed the fear that U.S. policy in Iraq was to stand aloof from the revolts in the hope that Saddam Hussein would crush them.

This policy was based, I speculated, on the theory that "a weakened Saddam in power would be the best result in an unsatisfactory world." He would preserve Iraq as a unitary state; we would keep out of a quagmire.

It seems that I gave the Administration too much credit. Its actual hope was that some Iraqi general would crush the Kurds, the Shi'ites, and Saddam himself in quick succession so that Iraq would be preserved as a unitary state but friendlier to the U.S.

This policy is commonly described by both its advocates and its critics as "cold realism."

A policy of ruthless inaction, however, has two drawbacks. The first is that it is inactive. If the outcome of Iraq's civil war is outside U.S. control, it is unlikely to reflect U.S. interests. Sure enough, the apparent outcome is the victory of Saddam Hussein.

But will he not be hemmed in by arms embargoes and ceasefire provisions? Not necessarily. Given that arms embargoes are notoriously porous, he will use Iraq's oil wealth to rearm. And he will repair his Soviet alliance to obstruct any United Nations enforcement of the ceasefire.

A Soviet client state, oil-rich and dangerous, would be re-established at the heart of the Mideast. Since that would threaten further turmoil, a much larger permanent Western force would be needed to underpin Gulf security than if the war had ended with a new and grateful Iraqi government put in power with U.S. help. Q.E.D.

The second drawback of U.S. policy is that it is ruthless. Since Americans dislike ruthlessness, *Realpolitik* is never maintained to the bitter end.

Thus U.S. policy was supposed to keep Iraq united inside its present borders. Already, however, public concern about Saddam's massacres is forcing the Administration to consider carving out a Kurdish enclave protected against his army.

The policy was justified as protecting Turkey against the instability threatened by Kurdish nationalism. Already, however, Kurdish refugees are filling vast camps in Turkey—and Mr. Baker is asking the Turks to open their borders to more.

Saddam back in power, thirsting for revenge, vast refugee camps in neighboring states, anti-government enclaves inside Iraq protected by Western troops—welcome to the quagmire.

■ Almost more appalling than Kitty Kelley's "biography" of Nancy Reagan was its promotional puff in the *New York Times*. The paper's gossip columnist, Maureen Dowd, devoted three full columns to retailing the tittle-tattle of 1,002 anonymous "sources."

To be sure, Miss Dowd merely cited the "claims" and "allegations" made by Miss Kelley. But she also subtly endorsed the author's credibility.

Miss Kelley had, she wrote, "developed a reputation as a *giant-killer* for her sensational books about the rich and famous." (My italics.) And though Frank Sinatra had threatened to sue about her earlier book, she had published it "without a real legal challenge." No mention of the Sullivan libel ruling, which makes it impossible for a public figure like Mr. Sinatra to sue with any hope of redress.

Where was the redeeming social merit here? Well, the book would "puncture what remains of the Reagan myth." What remains of "the Reagan myth" is, as it happens, quite a lot. A recent Greenberg-Lake poll shows that 58 per cent of Americans think "warmly" of him, alongside 50 per cent for Jimmy Carter.

But the *Times* has never bought that. Which may explain why the newspaper, which reported the rape allegation against Senator Kennedy's nephew on page 12 one day late, began Miss Dowd's scoop on page one.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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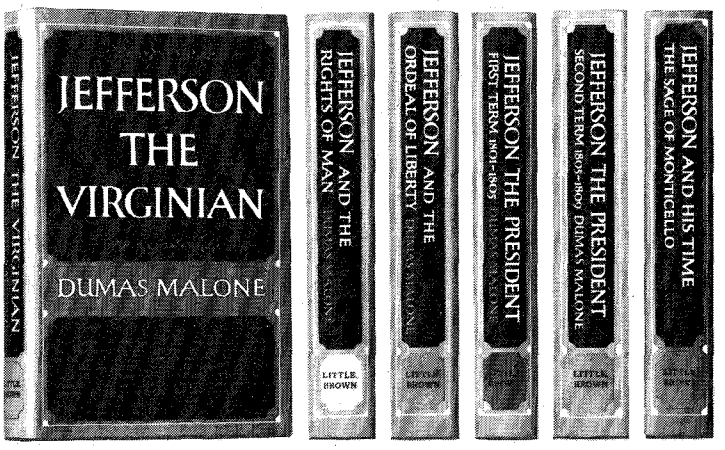

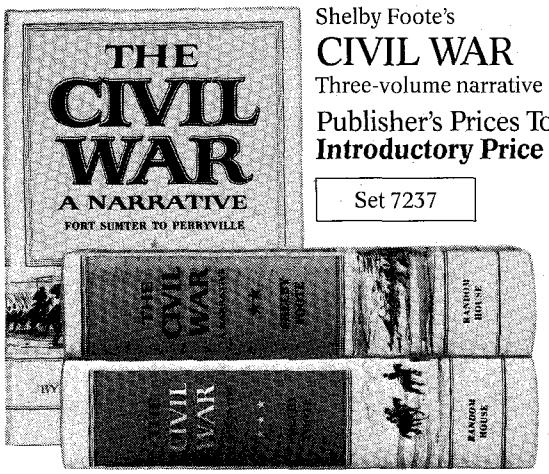

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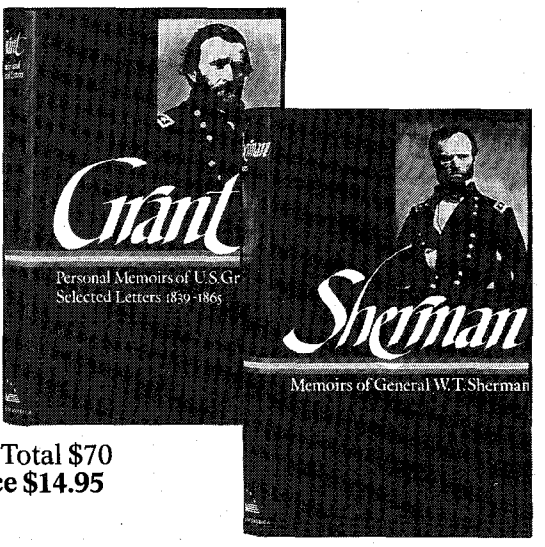

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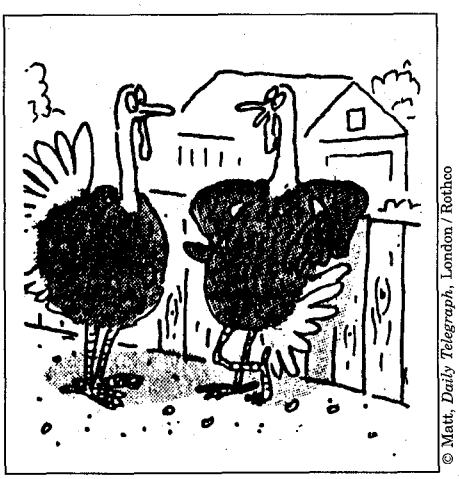
ON THE RECORD

■ By mid April 1987 there were seven more or less heavyweight Democrats in the presidential race: **Bruce Babbitt**, **Joseph Biden**, **Michael Dukakis**, **Richard Gephardt**, **Albert Gore Jr.**, **Gary Hart**, **Paul Simon**. This year, same time, there is one about-to-declare candidate, ex-Sen. **Paul Tsongas** of Mass.; one water-tester, former Sen. and presidential standard-bearer **George McGovern**; one might-be candidate, Gov. **Douglas Wilder** of Va. (he has registered a fund-raising committee with the FEC); but not a single Democrat who was considered a serious contender six months ago. . . . Recent poll in Iowa, the early caucus state, shows little enthusiasm for anyone: **Cuomo** leads with 10 per cent, followed by **Bentsen** 8 per cent, McGovern 5, Gephardt and **John Silber** 3, **Bradley**, **Jackson**, **Mitchell**, and Tsongas 2; Dukakis, Gore, **Nunn**, and Wilder 1. . . . Inside the Beltway it's suggested the Dems trade in their donkey for a sacrificial lamb. . . . Political analyst **Everett Carll Ladd** of the Roper Center says Democratic Party has run into what he calls a "generational base" roadblock. Just as a majority of Americans who came of voting age from the New Deal through the mid Seventies, says Ladd, called themselves Democrats, so, of Americans who came of voting age from 1975 on, 34 per cent more call themselves Republicans than Democrats. Even among blacks, who continue to be lopsidedly Democratic, there is a generational tilt away from the Democrats, i.e., 67 per cent more blacks sixty and over consider themselves Democrats than Republicans; in the 18-to-29-year bracket that figure is down to 37 per cent. . . . *Washington Post* political reporter **Thomas Edsall** makes point that as the Democrats are perceived to be the party of the unemployed, the elderly, the poor, and the homeless, they are in danger of becoming "quite literally dependent on economic setbacks, or the threat of economic failure, to win elections." . . . **Sheldon Goldman**, a political scientist who monitors judicial appointments, points out another Democratic vulnerability. If **George Bush** is re-elected, by 1996 two-thirds of all federal judges will have been appointed by **Reagan** or Bush. Two up and just the legislative branch to go.

■ Hard times for bad guys: Of the 3,200 Soviet technicians and specialists working in the field in Cuba a year ago January, only one thousand were left by April 1991. . . . **John Hughes** of *Christian Science Monitor* says experts predict Cuba's GNP will be down 25 to 30 per cent this year as a result of cutback of Soviet and Eastern European aid and general socialist mismanagement. . . . Although **Fidel Castro** had a field day when **Sam Nujoma** of Namibia, another former Soviet client, blew into Havana to pick up **José Martí** award a fortnight back, Castro and the Cubans have been eased out of ceasefire negotiations in Angola, where over a million Cubans served in the Eighties. . . . One reason why Soviets have not completely severed ties with Castro, say military experts, is high value they put on their electronic eavesdropping base at Lourdes, just outside Havana. . . . Meanwhile the democratic governments of El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama have abolished visa requirements for entry into their countries for all Central Americans. . . . The Salvadoran legislature has passed a bill restoring the banking system to private ownership. The banks were nationalized in 1980 to help pay for mismanaged land reform. . . . Reports from Ethiopia indicate Marxist dictator Col. **Mengistu Haile Mariam** is on his last legs, has sent his family for safety to Zimbabwe as rebel forces move in on Addis Ababa. . . . The Gulf states have suspended all aid to **Yasir Arafat**'s PLO and to King **Hussein** of Jordan. The PLO had been receiving $72 million a year from Saudi Arabia, $24 million from Kuwait, and $48 million from Iraq. . . . In Norway, **Inge Leoning** of the University of Oslo has presented an alternative Norwegian peace prize of nearly half a million dollars to Lithuanian President **Vytautas Landsbergis** in obvious rebuke to the Nobel committee for giving the official peace prize to **Mikhail Gorbachev**.



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"I doubt if we'll see European monetary union in our lifetime."

■ Three influential New York conservatives, former Amb. **Evan Galbraith** and former Conservative Party gubernatorial candidates **Lewis Lehrman** and **Herb London** (they both ran against Mario Cuomo), have launched CHANGE-NY, a grassroots letter-writing campaign to oppose proposed increase of $1.5 billion in state taxes and fees. Cuomo's "austerity budget," they point out, would raise state spending 6 per cent. . . . **Paul Weyrich**'s Coalition for America is now providing satellite broadcasts of its monthly Library Court meetings to conservative groups. The Library Court meetings keep tabs on the status of pro-family issues on the Hill. For info call: 202-546-3003. . . . And it's registration time for the 12-week spring session (application deadline: May 10) of the National Journalism Center in Washington, D.C., which provides training and work experience for young conservative journalists, plus a $100-a-week stipend. For info contact: **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline** (800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002).

■ Latest on Kuwait: It has been partitioned into Smoking and No Smoking zones.

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THE WEEK

■ "What Biden, Kennedy, and Metzenbaum are really worried about is that Bork will repeal their *Miranda* rights." NATIONAL REVIEW, October 23, 1987.

■ The Republican Party has come up with a cute idea, and that is to ally itself with black and Hispanic politicians to preserve, and if possible multiply, minority congressional districts during reapportionment. They hope to weaken white incumbent Democrats, whose districts would be carved up or consolidated in order to give minorities a fair (*sic*) shot. Now it's certainly understandable that a party whose tail has been kicked as badly as the GOP's has would grasp at any means of improving its position. But the principle of the minority district was always fraudulent. The notion that the only way blacks and Hispanics can make their voices heard is through black and Hispanic representatives undercuts the very notion of democratic representation—which is the representation of *opinion*. The GOP used to oppose such notions. A desire to hoist the enemy with his own petard is not reason enough to embrace them.

■ Clark Clifford is what is meant by "the establishment." Counselor to Democratic Presidents from Truman to Carter, he has just written his memoirs and at 84 was expecting to live out his days as Washington's most venerable insider. But now he and his law firm are subjects of a scandal, under investigation for the way he used his influence on behalf of a shady client, the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. As BCCI was laundering drug money abroad, he was serving as chairman of one of its subsidiaries, First American Bankshares—and allegedly lying to federal regulators. Clifford, who takes pride in his reputation for old-fashioned integrity, is obviously wounded by the suspicions. Whatever the merits of the case, the frequency of lobbying and influence-peddling scandals these days suggests that the plethora of laws and regulations has made Washington the strategic target for sharp operators from all over. In a system where everything is essentially up for grabs, ethics become mere technicalities. Clifford's indignation is believable—but this is the Washington he helped create.

■ A palace coup among Federal Reserve policy-makers, says the *New York Times*, has seriously weakened Chairman Alan Greenspan's power to set interest-rate policy. Apparently Mr. Greenspan was a bit too pushy for some members of the open-market committee of the Federal Reserve Board when he unilaterally lowered the discount rate by one-half of 1 per cent in early February, days before the committee was to convene. Although connoisseurs of bureaucratic infighting will be intrigued, those of us concerned with the economy can safely ignore this. No matter who calls the shots, the Fed's power to influence the economy will be next to nil as long as the credit situation is so strained. No amount of easing can force over-cautious banks to lend, or over-leveraged businesses to borrow. Indeed, some Fedologists believe Mr. Greenspan's sudden easing was intended more as a means of increasing the profits of ailing banks than as an economic stimulus. There may be a silver lining here: with monetary policy temporarily out of action, fiscal policy naturally assumes larger significance. Tax cut, anyone?

■ The Afghan *mujahedin* captured six thousand prisoners and the garrison town of Khost, their first significant victory since the Soviets withdrew their troops from Afghanistan in February 1989. Once the Soviets left, Western correspondents and analysts expected an immediate fall of Kabul. When that didn't happen, opinion swung around to the view that the *mujahedin* were too disorganized to force the Communists from power. The second assumption, it now seems, was as incorrect as the first. The Kabul regime hung on, largely because the Soviets have continued to shower it with arms. But the *mujahedin* have persisted. The Soviets' murderous foreign adventure—one million civilian casualties, three million refugees—looks increasingly desperate. The Afghans are not going to give up. Isn't it time for the Soviet Union to give up tormenting them?

■ The Communists held onto power in Albania's first free election, and it is instructive to note why. The cities and large towns, where disgust could articulate itself and where people had some inklings of the outside world, gave their support to the demo-

Specters at the Feast

As 'copters at a turkey shoot
Afford Saddam a chance to toot,
While Kurds, set up for easy kills,
Retreat to their ancestral hills,
Small clouds about the size of hands
Appear above reviewing stands.

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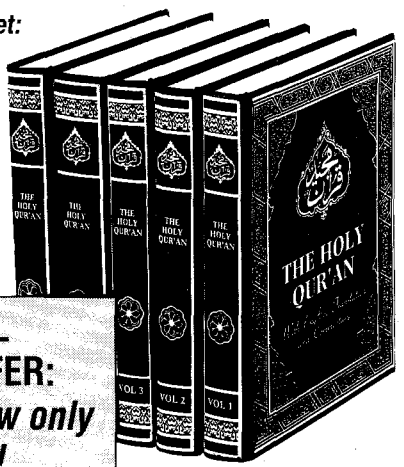

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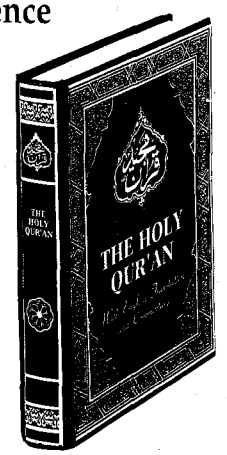

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crats. The Communists rolled up their majority in isolated rural villages, where the Party could still maintain its grip. They also cashed in pledges of loyalty made under the traditional Albanian system of *besa*, or oath-taking—a system the Communists themselves had long tried (vainly) to extinguish. So, although Marx wrote of the "idiocy" of rural life, and the *Communist Manifesto* called for the "elimination" of differences between town and countryside, Albania's Communists found themselves waiting, like Alf Landon in 1936, for the rural vote to come in. Unlike Landon, they got it.

■ The latest thing among gay militants is the repudiation of the word "gay." The new term of choice is, no kidding, "queer." There's even a new group across the country called Queer Nation, which turns the old epithet into a defiant badge of pride. "When you're trying to describe the community, and you have to list gays, lesbians, bisexuals, drag queens, transsexuals (post-op and pre-), it gets unwieldy," one militant explained to the *New York Times*. "Queer says it all." Another observes contemptuously that "gay" suggests "a certain type of white, middle-class, assimilationist homosexual." Which just goes to show what epithets are *really* damaging these days.

■ At the death of Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre, the traditionalist prelate whose defiance of Pope John Paul II caused the first schism in the Catholic Church since 1870, the Church said only that it "hoped until the last moment for a gesture that would put things in order." None came. Putting things in order is the business of the Church, its absolutely necessary and absolutely impossible mission. Lefebvre thought the Church, after Vatican II, had begun putting things in disorder. But what of Lefebvre's own breakaway? "Our future is the past," Lefebvre often said, meaning he intended to restore the old ways. But then he broke his vow of obedience, calling on others to do the same, which was not the "old way" at all.

■ The presidential election campaign fund is, we are pleased to report, in bad shape. This is the deal on the front page of your 1040 where [check here] you can send $1 of your taxes directly to the politicians instead of making them formally vote to steal it. The Midwest is the stingiest with its checkoffs; the decadent liberal Eastern Seaboard is the most generous, which, at 28 per cent of tax filers, is not very. The Federal Commission took a survey to find out why the program was going broke, and didn't have to look far: "No question about it, . . . a revulsion . . . toward politics and politicians." In other words: Read our lips.

■ Lynne Cheney, head of the National Endowment for the Humanities, has nixed a $650,000 federal grant for a proposed public-television series on Christopher Columbus. The scenario, which accused Columbus of "genocide," was apparently based on a book by Kitty Kelley.

■ Many readers have been asking how they can contact the National Association of Scholars, to whom James S. Coleman delivered the speech from which we adapted his March 18 article, "A Quiet Threat to Academic Freedom." The address is: Suite 250 East, 20 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08542.

■ The Curse of the Kennedys is indeed terrible. But it's nothing compared with the Curse of the People Who Get near the Kennedys.

Ashes in Our Mouths

THE ADMINISTRATION'S reluctance to aid the Kurdish and Shi'ite rebellions against Saddam Hussein seemed simple timidity at first. That was *NR*'s criticism in our last issue. But as events have unfolded, it has turned out to be an error of more profound proportions, both morally and strategically.

Morally, the President's brilliant military and political victory in Desert Storm is sadly tarnished by the enormous human tragedy of Iraqis suffering yet again the monstrous brutality of the Ba'ath, in a catastrophe we seemed able—but reluctant—to avert. Our responsibility is heightened by the repeated presidential statements encouraging uprisings against Saddam. It is not a sufficient reply to argue that such encouragement implied no willingness to support the uprisings. For the United States' responsibility goes further. The Kurds and Shi'ites were crushed by military forces that included troops spared by the President's decision (not yet adequately explained) to terminate offensive operations abruptly at the end of February.

The strategic flaws lie both in the reasoning that seemed to govern Administration policy and in the consequences that are likely to ensue.

It has become clear that the reluctance to intervene came not only from military caution—a judgment worthy of respect—but from a political analysis that seemed to *prefer* that the rebellions fail. How else to explain the shunning of all but the most grudging, belated, and low-level political contact with the Iraqi opposition? The Administration counted, reasonably, on the likelihood that Saddam's humiliating defeat in Kuwait would undermine him at home, but apparently it was expecting some kind of palace coup in Baghdad, and was caught unprepared when the upheaval took the form of a resur-

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"Take two aspirin and call me in the morning."

gence of regional religious and ethnic rebellions. The Administration seemed to fear that the Kurdish rebellion in the north meant separatism and the Shi'ite rebellion in the south meant an Iranian foothold. Our passivity left the unfortunate implication that we preferred an Iraq dominated by Sunni military thugs—or even by Saddam himself.

The Administration's analysis was faulty. The Kurds knew that their independence had no international support; they sought autonomy within a more democratic Iraq. The Shi'ites had resisted eight years of the Ayatollah Khomeini's efforts to suborn their loyalty; they are not Iranian stooges. The collapse of the Ba'ath regime could only produce an Iraq less militant, less militaristic, less threatening to its neighbors. We should be seeking such an outcome, not fearing it.

The Administration professes to be confident that Saddam will be overthrown soon enough, presumably by his military cronies fed up with all the disasters, acting once the disasters subside. But this logic is even more puzzling. Will a rival be more prepared to stand up against him after he has consolidated his stranglehold on the country? It may happen. But hoping for it hardly constitutes a sensible policy.

The danger is not only that he will survive, but that he will recover politically. He will emerge strengthened by the outcome of this contest—no longer wallowing in humiliation but defiant, and with a leg up on restoring his position as a power in the region.

All the diplomacy in which we are now engaged will be affected by this outcome. Our and our coalition partners' plans for regional security will now have to take into account a recovered Saddam; a larger permanent Western force will be required to keep the peace in the Gulf. Our efforts for Arab–Israeli peace will encounter a Saddam who will once again try to become the champion of the Palestinian cause. He will take credit for having put it on the world agenda; he will harass any Arab moderates thinking too eagerly of compromise.

He'll be back; we'll regret it. And this time we put him there.

Killing the Enemy

IN THE last issue, we reported on the flak Maryland's Governor Donald Schaefer has been getting for his decision to commute the sentences of eight battered husband-killers, several of whom, it turns out, seem to have acted in something other than a spirit of self-defense (one hired a hit man and cashed in a $22,000 life-insurance policy). Former Ohio Governor Richard Celeste, who started the fashion by granting clemency to 25 allegedly battered women before leaving office in January, has also come in for criticism. The *Columbus Dispatch* reported that 15 of the Ohio women said they had not been physically abused, six had talked about killing their abusers, sometimes for months in advance, and two had stalked and killed husbands from whom they were separated.

These revelations have slowed up the campaign for further clemencies—but only on pragmatic grounds. One advocate for battered women said her group would study the Maryland fiasco in order to prevent future cases from "blow[ing] up in the media." A spokesman for another group, currently putting the squeeze on Mario Cuomo, conceded that it was "politically advisable" to let prosecutors in on the process "to avoid a backlash."

The push for clemencies, which often turn out to be unwise and unjust, and the emergence of wife-

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beating as a theme in entertainment (first Farah Fawcett, now Julia Roberts) suggest a national delusion, not unlike the child-molestation craze. In each case, there is a real evil: sexually abused children, physically abused women. But moral revulsion quickly mutates into an irrational crusade, fueled by unfalsifiable allegations. Do infants reveal tales of mass orgies only after strenuous coaching by social workers and other "experts"? That is because they have blocked what was done to them. Do some "battered" women testify that they were not in fact beaten? That is because, as former Governor Celeste put it, "these are women who have spent their whole adult lives in denial." And in general the battered-women campaign is powerfully fueled by the radical feminist presumption that all sex is violence, and all men are brutes. Call in the exorcists.

To beat someone, except in self-defense, is a crime.

RIGHT DATA

Global Warming or Hot Air?

IF WE DO nothing, global warming will eventually transform the nation's midsection into a desert, and put many of our coastal cities under water—at least that is the scenario proffered by environmental groups and the media.

Recent studies show, however, that a potentially dangerous cooling trend has been under way for most of the earth's history: there was five to ten times more carbon dioxide in the atmosphere one hundred million years ago, and the average temperature was 9°F. to 18°F. warmer than now. Fred Singer, a professor of environmental sciences at the University of Virginia, suggests that the "climate optimum" occurred around 1100 A.D., when Greenland was indeed green, and the area the Vikings called Vinland (thought to be Labrador) was warm enough for grape growing. The 0.9°F. rise in average global temperature recorded since 1880 may simply be a return to normal following the "Little Ice Age" of 1600 to 1860.

In any event, it's not at all clear that man is responsible for the warming trend. Although carbon dioxide accounts for about half of all greenhouse gases, human activity accounts for only 5 per cent of all carbon dioxide. If economic activity caused global warming, the temperature rise should be accelerating, but it isn't. A recent study by Kent Jeffries of the Competitive Enterprise Institute shows that almost all warming in this century took place in the 1920s and 1930s, long before most of the emission of trace gases by humans. The earth cooled off from 1940 to the mid Seventies, and got hotter from 1975 to 1980. Despite the recent string of abnormally warm years, the Eighties as a whole exhibited no discernible temperature trend.

Systematic global measurements suggest that any rise in temperature is occurring mainly at night, in the winter, and in the northern hemisphere. If this pattern persists it will mean longer growing seasons, fewer frosts, but no increase in the likelihood of drought.

To the chagrin of environmentalists, the scientific community has largely retracted its earlier apocalyptic warnings. During the record heat of 1988 theorists were predicting that a doubling of carbon dioxide would raise global temperature by 8.1°F. to 10.8°F. The scientific consensus is now below 2.7°F. Polar ice caps, far from melting, appear to be growing. So while most climatologists in 1980 were predicting a thirty-foot rise in future sea levels, that estimate had fallen to three to five feet by 1988, and to 12 inches in the current worst-case forecast, according to Jeffries. The dearth of hard evidence attesting to human culpability has not deterred those who think a little suffering is in order. A UN panel has urged international action to reduce greenhouse gases, and several bills in Congress would force U.S. industry to cap or roll back its carbon-dioxide emissions unilaterally via the imposition of a "carbon tax."

Even the most draconian restrictions would do little to halt an inevitable increase in greenhouse gases, most of which is occurring outside of the United States. Professor Singer believes that at best we might delay the doubling of these gases by five years—from 2040 to 2045—but at the cost of a trillion dollars in lost output.

There are far less costly ways of dealing with this problem. U.S. forests, for example, already consume more carbon dioxide each year than U.S. industry emits. Only a *growing* forest consumes this gas, however, so opening up more federal lands for private logging and reforestation would cleanse the atmosphere even more. Creating similar property rights in Brazil and other Third World countries could end the indiscriminate slashing and burning of Third World forests which some scientists believe is the leading source of greenhouse gases.

Our understanding of the link—if any—between economic activity and global warming will be substantially improved in a few years. In the interim there are sensible, free-market responses, which make sense even if no link is found.

—Ed Rubenstein

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For a man to treat a wife or a mistress in such a way is doubly vile. But murder is the worst of crimes. The best way to sift allegations of either crime is still to strain them through the meshes of criminal procedure, which includes rules of evidence, doctrines of self-defense, and the sentencing power of judges. Justice by crusade is no justice.

A Conservative Tax Cut

THE HAND GRENADE Senator Moynihan rolled under congressional tents last year may go off after all: a Social Security tax cut seems likely during the current session. That's bad news for the big spenders, but good news for families, the economy, and, yes, even for Social Security recipients.

Around April 15 it's easy to forget that most Americans pay more in Social Security taxes than in income taxes. A married couple with adjusted gross income of $45,000 will pay about $4,400 in income taxes this year, but $5,900 in payroll taxes, including the employer's share, which economists believe is ultimately borne by workers. For most Americans higher Social Security taxes have nullified the benefits of lower income-tax rates. Furthermore, a worker supporting his wife and five children is subject to the same Social Security tax rate as a dual-income couple without children.

Yet many conservatives, including some who normally worship at the supply-side temple, are demurring on the grounds that we shouldn't tamper with Social Security. But surely the present practice of using the Social Security "surplus" to pay for general government expenses is a far more serious breach of trust. Returning those funds to workers would expose this tampering, not contribute to it.

For the time being the surplus revenues are unnecessary: the retirement trust fund has already accumulated a cash reserve equal to one year's worth of benefits, enough to weather even the most severe recession. About the year 2010, a payroll-tax hike will be required when baby boomers start retiring en masse. But the economic stimulus from cutting the tax rate today will minimize the increase required then. Messrs. Gingrich and Gramm—who oppose a Social Security tax cut—know all this, of course. They apparently can't resist playing to the gallery, which they perceive to be full of worried, well organized pensioners, ready to pounce. But American workers vote too, and there are far more of them.

Too Much Testosterone

As Palm Beach tracks the aging Unc,
A nephew, and the family hunk,
Once more engaged in conduct that's
More fitting for nocturnal cats,
One reads the words, but *entre nous*,
I'm up to here with *déjà vu*.

W. H. VON DREELE

Iraqi Ecobabble

LAST WEEK, in addressing the General Assembly, the Iraqi ambassador to the United Nations stumbled across the frontier that divides the disingenuous from the *really* absurd: he accused *us* of ecoterrorism in the form of radiological warfare. So it's time for a little geochemistry lesson, Earth Day fans:

Q: What is the area and the naturally occurring topsoil uranium content of the theater of the ground war?

A: Some tens of thousands of square miles, each containing about 64 tons of *un*depleted natural uranium.

Q: How much depleted-uranium high-density antitank ammunition did the alliance fire off during the Mother of All Turkey Shoots?

A: A tiny, tiny fraction of what was already lying around the landscape.

Q: How much radium and radon does depleted uranium contain?

A: A tiny, tiny fraction of that contained in the natural, undepleted uranium found in Iraqi topsoil.

Q: How much uranium is contained in Kuwaiti crude oil, and how much is going up in smoke from the oil-field fires set by Iraq?

A: About five to fifty parts per billion of undepleted uranium and five to fifty pounds a day.

Q: How much hard-core carcinogenic muck is going up in smoke there anyway?

A: About a million pounds a day, so who needs uranium?

Q: So what does the scientific method teach us to call the ambassador, and to do to Saddam Hussein?

A: A liar and a fool, and something most cruel and really unusual.

Camelot and Camelittle

IT WAS Good Friday, the most solemn day in the Christian calendar, and Senator Kennedy chose to celebrate at the bar. Right on past midnight, until three o'clock in the morning. That's the hour when the bar closes, so he and his supporting cast

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invited a barmaid and another lady to accompany them home for another drink. Another drink at three in the morning is an act of high redundancy by most people's standards. But there are those who admire that grim tenacity with which some Democratic players hang in there.

And then there was the "episode," followed by the disappearance of the Palm Beach police. This added greatly to dramatic effect: the three principal players just walking off the scene, unnoticed, unquestioned, not even stopping for the applause of the crowd. Indeed, the principal player, identified by the tragic heroine of the evening as the tortfeasor, wouldn't even talk with the police, when the police finally materialized. All he would do is volunteer specimens of his hair, and a drop or two of his blood. The audience, coast to coast, is wild with excitement as Act I closes, and the audience for Act II will be enormous.

Meanwhile director Kitty Kelley did her very best with the Republican show, casting Nancy Reagan in the Joan Crawford part. She began by saying that forty years ago Nancy Reagan advanced her date of birth by two years. This was not a very successful line, and the house yawned. So she said that Mrs. Reagan had been pregnant when she married her husband: but that was not a very big deal, it turned out, because the fact had been revealed in Mrs. Reagan's own autobiography over a year ago. The audience wanted more. So Miss Kelley said that both the Reagans were, as they would put it in Hollywood, socially active before they were married.

Socially active before they were married! Had Miss Kelley never read the Kinsey Report, published about the time the Reagans were being socially active? But Kitty Kelley went doggedly on.

She shot her Big Bertha. Frank Sinatra. His name brought silence to the entire house. It is a very big name for Miss Kelley, because she wrote an entire book about him, portraying him as having engaged in activities that, well, activities that, well . . . bring up the subject with your doctor, if you see what I mean. It was a very desperate ploy, because she had to persuade the audience that when the President of the United States was out of town, Nancy would invite Frank Sinatra to the White House, close all the doors, block all the telephone lines, instruct the operators not even to put the President through to her when he called, and there, between 12:30 and 3:30, she would have at it with Frank Sinatra.

The audience began to smile. A little bit of that same smile you spotted a couple of years ago when Bob Woodward said that William Casey of the CIA had called him into the hospital room a few minutes or hours or a day or two before Casey died, and there confessed to Woodward everything he had done wrong, everything President Reagan had done wrong, everything the CIA had done wrong, plus he forgot his morning prayers and missed Mass on a Holy Day of Obligation. A look of skepticism overtook the audience, and Miss Kelley was heard to say to a close collaborator, who insists on anonymity, that next time she is going to direct the Democratic troupe, who are much much better at this kind of thing. —WFB

John Tower, R I P

EARLY in the days when the Senate committee was deciding whether to recommend John Tower as Secretary of Defense, one gentleman confided to the inquirer that Tower would not be confirmed.

"Why?"

"Because they don't like him."

Even though a member for 24 years of the most exclusive club in the land, John Tower was extraordinarily unclubbable. There was something there that threw people off, even those who, by tradition, would almost always certify a former member of the club and the personal choice of a newly elected President. The reason given for saying No to John Tower was that he drank and womanized. Probably that was only the excuse.

It was a poignant moment. John Tower wanted that job as avidly as some want the job of President. His qualifications for it were certified by no less than Senator Sam Nunn, who, when Tower retired from the Senate, praised him lavishly for his work as chairman of the Armed Services Committee—and proceeded to lead the fight against him five years later. Tower fought back lustily in a book he was promoting when he took his last flight.

His career was remarkable. It wasn't odd that the first Republican to be sent to Washington from Texas should have been a conservative: Texas Democrats tended to be conservative. What surprised primarily was that a man five feet, five inches tall who dressed like a London dandy should have sailed through to victory after victory in a big state that thought big from every perspective. His mind was sharp, he was an effective polemicist (the son of a Methodist minister), and when he chose to perform, he could do so brilliantly, as when he outlined the special needs of the Defense Department when Ronald Reagan was elected and wished the DoD to reclaim superpower capability. His diplomatic performance as head of the commission investigating Iran–Contra was exemplary. He was able to manage everything except his domestic life, and the final challenge of his public life.

We mourn his passing, and acclaim him as an important figure in the renaissance of conservative Republicanism in the postwar South. —WFB

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PATRICK BUCHANAN

GOP forfeited its opportunity

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Lee Atwater, R I P

LEE ATWATER, former chairman of the Republican National Committee and manager of George Bush's 1988 presidential campaign, died Good Friday after a year-long fight against a brain tumor. During his Washington career his successes provoked controversy and his enjoyment aroused envy; scarcely a day went by without a photograph of Mr. Atwater playing blues with B. B. King or offering a sassy comment. Critics demonized him as the man who invented "negative campaigning"—Willie Horton and Co.—but we have always found this somewhat hard to swallow coming from the same folks who routinely attacked Ronald Reagan as a warmonger and gave us the little-girl-with-daisy commercial against Barry Goldwater. We occasionally had our own differences with Mr. Atwater, particularly on his notion of the big tent, but these were by and large tactical; no one who knew him could doubt that Lee Atwater took seriously the party manager's obligation to win. That made him different from most of the people in the party he took over, and when the new enemy became cancer he fought it with the same zeal and determination. His apologies at the end for some of his more colorful remarks were duly repeated in most of the leading obituaries, but not his apparent rediscovery of his Christian faith that gave them some coherence. As usual he was ahead of us all in sizing up the situation. He is survived by his wife, Sally, and three young daughters.

Graham Greene, R I P

GRAHAM GREENE's novels were driven by a strong plot-line, and he could also shake the reader as a cat shakes a rat with sudden revelations and reversals, sometimes involving an ambiguous divine intervention. In this vein, he wrote four very good novels, *Brighton Rock* (1938), *The Power and the Glory* (1940), *The Heart of the Matter* (1948), and *The End of the Affair* (1951). All were critical and popular successes, and led to his international celebrity after World War II.

But there is the problem of his sensibility. He had a powerful tropism toward the sordid. When he became a Catholic at the age of 22, he became in effect a Jansenist, and seems always to have been a world-disgusted puritan. His characters typically are alcoholic priests, weak adulterers, defeated tropical administrators, marginal messes of all sorts. He could not bring himself to believe in a clean shirt or clean fingernails. Greeneland was but half a world, and a tiresome one at that.

There is little point in dwelling on Greene's tedious anti-Americanism. His puritanism reinforced an instinctive hatred of American "materialism," i.e., high standard of living. After the war, England, shorn of its pre-war status and power, often exhibited the "genteel poverty" syndrome—envy of the successful. Greene shared this syndrome. He sourly favored the East, as morally more pure.

Greene much disliked being categorized as a "Catholic novelist." He considered himself a novelist who was also a Catholic, and who sometimes made religious issues the subject matter of his narratives. He meant that an atheist could presumably have treated religious issues in a similar way. Indeed, Greene several times remarked that he had a great deal of difficulty believing in God. But given his fascination with religious themes, one might be forgiven for wondering if he was a sort of reverse hypocrite, pretending to a wavering faith when he was really a firm believer all the time.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On a recent afternoon stroll across my college campus, I happened across a curious sight in the main courtyard. Occupying the north side of the lawn was an antiwar demonstration, made up mostly of greying fortysomething professors. Although we are well into 1991, the antiwar rally had all the look of 1969. One suspicious-looking character even bragged to me he was wearing the same shirt he wore to Woodstock (I believe him also, for the shirt had that special three-days-in-the-mud aroma).

Given these facts and the relatively young crowd at the pro-war rallies I have seen, can we expect the slogan for these sentimental pacifists to be "Don't trust anyone under forty!"?

Your faithful pupil,
Matthew P. Patterson
Chatsworth, Calif.

Dear Mr. Patterson: And why not? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Abolitionists are indeed "hoist by their own petard" ["Notes & Asides," Dec. 17] if the word is used in its seventeenth-century sense: being caught in a trap by a trick of their own contrivance. Applied originally to cheating at cards, or rolling loaded dice, the phrase found favor with dramatists of that era to account for all manner of impudicity. A pox on the French meaning of the term!

Sincerely,
Kenneth Ross
Los Angeles, Calif.

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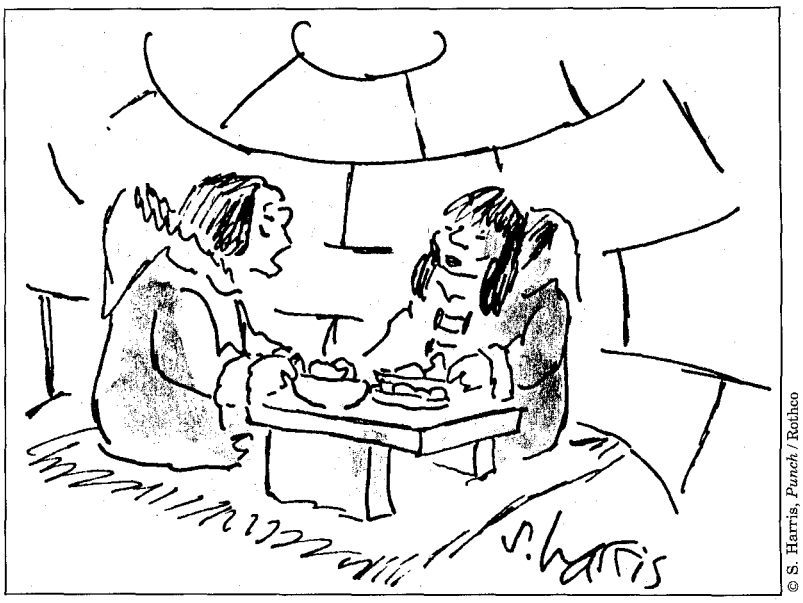
Dear Mr. Buckley:

. . . The word does basically denote breaking wind in French. Note the similarity in sound to our own vulgarism. Because of this, however, it was also the slang term used by French siege engineers for an improvised black-powder charge, usually on wheels, that could be advanced up to a gate or door to blow it in. We all know how unstable the ignition of such demolitions can be, and not infrequently the sappers would still be messing with the device when it went off, thus being "hoist by their own petard."

It is the curiously apt double entendre that entertains us here. When a man was thus truly "hoist," the occasion could be likened to his drawing unwelcome attention to himself by the unexpected blast of his own exhaust gases—figuratively so, as in Shakespeare.

Cordially,
Jeff Cooper
Paulden, Ariz.



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"You mean we've been eating sushi all these years and I didn't know it?"

Dear Mr. Buckley:

If recollection from a military-history course thirty-plus years ago serves me well, wasn't a petard a bomb for breaching *mounted on the end of a pole*, which is what differentiated it from a grenade? The pole facilitated placement of the explosive against a wall above the foundation, or against the hinges or bolt of a gate. This all dates back to the seventeenth or eighteenth century and the days of primitive black powder and fuses lit with a tinder or match.

Webster notes the correct usage of "hoist by (or with) one's own petard" but perhaps should add sufficient detail to its definition of the term so that the expression makes sense. The means of hoisting has to be the pole. Being hoist by, with, or on the point of one's own petard would at the very least have an element of surprise, suspense, and contemplation that gives the expression its commonly understood meaning. One could not be hoist with one's own grenade absent some other mechanical agent (a rope and a limb?) and, probably, the meddling of a cumbersome judiciary, which is to suggest the procedure would take forever if it ever happened and may explain why we stick with petards in verbal jousts.

Best regards,
Mario E. de Solenni
Crescent City, Calif.

Dear Messrs. Ross, Cooper, and de Solenni: Many thanks for the clarification. I shall feel free, henceforward, to use the phrase with with, or with by. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Coming from Massachusetts, I have long been convinced of the need for an annual award, which I propose should be called the "Mary Jo Kopechne Memorial Award," that should be given to the American politician who commits the most egregious example of bad behavior, and yet survives in public office. Prising such an award from the grip of Massachusetts politicians would be difficult; we Bay Staters have given the nation Representative Barney Frank, while Joseph Kennedy II seems set on demonstrating that intelligence is a completely redundant requirement in a legislator, yet I am forced to suggest that the Senate Ethics Committee might have scooped the 1991 race with its rulings on the Keating Five. I do not, however, feel competent to be the sole judge of the Mary Jo Kopechne Memorial Award, and would like to suggest that you, together with your readers, might assume responsibility?

Respectfully yours,
Bernard Cornwell
Chatham, Mass.

Dear Mr. Cornwell: Done. We will be open for nominations. Details must be specific, and non-libelous. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I understand that Mr. Saddam Hussein is looking to find a job with a little more job security than his present one. May I suggest he come to the U.S. and run for Congress?

Truly yours,
Michael Hamerly
Osan AB, Korea

Dear Mr. Hamerly: Have forwarded your suggestion to relevant party. He will certainly be given a seat alongside Mr. Dellums on the Intelligence Committee. Cordially, **—WFB**

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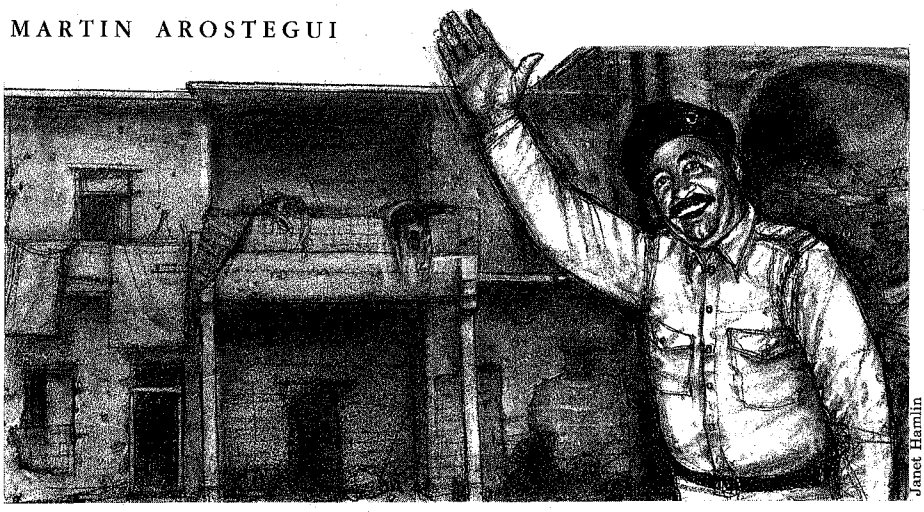
ON THE SCENE

Marching to Baghdad?

MARTIN AROSTEGUI



Janet Hamlin

"THE CONFLICT is not yet over because we are still in a position for doing something," asserts General Daniel Gazeau, the commander of French land forces in the Gulf, as he visits an army helicopter battalion on the northwest corner of the allied demarcation line in southern Iraq. French Gazelle and U.S. Apache helicopters took the Iraqi airfield of As-Salman during the initial stages of the land offensive in February and still remain 125 miles deep inside Iraq. Destroyed Iraqi aircraft bunkers line the runway that now serves the French and American forces.

France is the only member of the coalition still maintaining a presence in southern Iraq along with the U.S. Army's VII Corps. The allied line extends from the American 1st Infantry Division guarding approaches to the southern Iraqi cities of Basra and Nazariya on the east, to the 11th Aviation Brigade positioned with the French battalion on the west, only an hour's helicopter flight from Baghdad.

The continuing French presence could be more than merely symbolic. In the United Nations Security Council, France is pushing for a resolution to stop the massacre of Kurdish and Shi'a rebels in Iraq. The French have withdrawn fewer forces from the Gulf theater than the other allies. Britain has already shipped out half of its troops, while France has sent home only a fifth, proportionately about the same rate of withdrawal as that of the U.S. forces.

But it may all add up to little more than posturing unless Washington reverses its policy. Intervening militarily in the Third World is something to which French public opinion is quite accustomed. During the past year, the Foreign Legion and paratroopers of the Force d'Action Rapide have been in and out of different parts of Africa as well as in the Gulf. Unlike Prime Minister John Major, President Mitterrand does not face an uphill re-election battle in a few months, so the French government can better afford the risks of maintaining heroic appearances. The French may not be planning to withdraw from Iraq before the Americans do, although they will certainly not stay without the U.S.

The airfield of As-Salman lies close to a town of five thousand inhabitants, which was the only populated area of Iraq originally taken by the allies. New towns have now sprung up, in the form of teeming tent cities with close to ten thousand refugees. The U.S. Army is having a difficult time coping with the influx and is beginning to turn away surrendering Iraqi soldiers. The French can only express bewilderment about what will happen to all those Iraqis once the allies leave.

Much speculation was provoked a week ago by the sudden movement northward into southern Iraq by the U.S. 18th Airborne Corps. There is, however, no reason to doubt the Pentagon's explanation that it was a matter of replacing front-line units being shipped out with fresher elements that had been positioned to their rear. The U.S. withdrawal—which is moving at a pace of three thousand men a day—is being organized so as to allow those who have been in the area the longest to leave first. The overall momentum of military movements is decidedly homeward, and a handful of Swedish soldiers are now in the Gulf region preparing to assume their duties as observers of a UN-sponsored demilitarized zone to be set up between Iraq and Kuwait.

Iraq naturally objected to conditions in the UN proposals for a permanent ceasefire which would inhibit a future arms buildup, garnish Iraq's oil revenues, and press for the elimination of the few Scud missiles that remain in its arsenal. But having already been allowed to get away with murder by the U.S.-led coalition since the unilateral cessation of hostilities declared by President Bush on February 27, Saddam must have felt very much encouraged to sign on the UN's dotted line.

Despite restrictions on Iraq's use of air power negotiated between the allied and Iraqi high commands, Saddam Hussein was permitted to employ helicopter gunships to crush popular rebellions in the south and the northeast of Iraq. When he probed further, venturing to use fixed-wing jet fighters to strike at rebel positions, the Bush Administration would have had a clear justification for destroying what remained of Iraq's air force. Instead, it chose to slap Saddam on the wrist, limiting itself to shooting down two individual SU-22s caught flying combat missions. A high-level source at British military headquarters in Riyadh reports the unauthorized movement of a Soviet-built Iraqi Frogleg at-

Mr. Arostegui is a freelance journalist.

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tack plane (similar to the U.S. A-10) as late as last week, which provoked no response at all. If Saddam can flout ceasefire conditions and maintain himself in power when an army that routed him is poised within easy striking distance of his capital, he must be truly convinced by now that the sky will cease to be the limit when all he has to contend with is neutral Swedes and UN bureaucrats whose job it is usually not to arrive at troublesome conclusions.

"A coup in Baghdad is likelier than a victory by rebels," thinks General Gazeau, adding a wishful twist to the most recent statements by President Bush. The President, having at first called on the Iraqi people to depose Saddam, is now saying it is up to the Iraqi army. But if those who would be willing to move against Saddam are to have a chance, his ability to use force internally must be further weakened.

Kuwaiti resistance fighters who operated inside Iraq during the war report on disaffection from Saddam even in his ruling circles. One such source, who befriended members of Saddam's dreaded secret police, the Mukhabarat, says that he came across quite a few of the most privileged men in Iraq whose criticism grew as the allied bombing intensified. He remembers one saying that Saddam "will leave Iraq good only for growing vegetables." A woman banker who smuggled out videotapes of the resistance in Kuwait through contacts in Baghdad cites, among her Iraqi collaborators, two intelligence officers (with foreign backgrounds), an army colonel who is now in Iraq, and one of Foreign Minister Tariq Aziz's security officers, who was recently found out and killed. The indications are that something very nearly did happen in Baghdad back when Saddam Hussein ordered the expulsion of all foreign journalists a month ago. The Kuwaitis talk about Saddam's governor of Kurdistan, who lived in a hotel suite in Baghdad at the regime's expense, intriguing against Saddam by trying to establish channels of communication between Kurdish rebels and Iraqi military officers.

When French light-tank units met up with the U.S. 101st Airborne Division on the banks of the Euphrates little more than a month ago and nothing stood between them and Baghdad, they were ordered to stop. "It was a political decision," according to General Gazeau, concurring with General Schwarzkopf's statement to David Frost that he had been prevented from annihilating Saddam's army. If the folly of such a decision comes back to haunt Washington, it may by then be too late to regain the international and local support we still have for a decisive move. □

The Rise and Fall of Civil Rights

WILLIAM McGURN

Chris Miles

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IT WAS your typical Beltway week, and on the House floor members were considering two measures dealing with the Resolution Trust Corporation, the agency set up to sell off the assets of the failed savings and loans. The Republican legislation was offered by Chalmers Wylie (Ohio); the Democratic proposal bore the name of Banking Committee Chairman Henry Gonzalez (Tex.). At stake was $30 billion in funding, but the real issue soon became quotas: the Gonzalez measure included language setting an "overall goal of not less than 25 per cent of all contracting activities to be entered into with minority individuals or women." This was in response to freshman Representative Maxine Waters (D., Calif.), whose insistence in committee on provisions for women ultimately ballooned into the huge set-aside provision.

When it got to the floor, the Republicans pounced. The Democratic defenders denied the charges; Esteban Torres (Calif.) insisted the figure was "a goal, not a quota," but Congressman Wylie brought him up short. Several times he read the provision aloud in its entirety, focusing on the word "shall." "The corporation 'shall,'" he said. "That is mandatory language, 'shall.' I am a lawyer. It is not discretionary. 'May' is discretionary."

Evidently most members agreed. The Gonzalez version was shot down over the question of quotas by a vote of 303 to 121. "Everyone knew, including the Democrats, that the fact that there were two measures reflected a divided committee," says Deputy Whip Bob Walker (R., Pa.). "So they knew they might lose. But they were stunned that we got a majority of *Democrats* on our side."

As Right and Left gird themselves for the resumption of the battle over civil rights, the untalked-of fact is that the pro-quota brigade has spent its ammunition. Those who remember that the Senate was only one vote away from overriding President Bush's veto of the Kennedy–Hawkins bill last year might find this hard to believe. The conventional wisdom was that Bush was on the ropes, and the Democrats would come out swinging this year. But in between that vote and today there has been an election, and it proved one thing: there is no political price to pay for being right on civil rights.

That was obvious in North Carolina, where Senator Jesse Helms (R.) creamed Harvey Gantt and every left-wing PAC under the sun; Governor Guy Hunt of Alaska used the issue to great success; and, most important, a moderate like Senator Pete Wilson (R., Calif.) made it the winning issue in his gubernatorial race. (David Duke is a pathetic footnote.) "When Pete Wilson shows up on the floor attacking a civil-rights bill as likely to lead to quotas," says one Senate aide, "the tea leaves are clear." In other words, when a moderate Republican from a large multi-ethnic state can ride the

Mr. McGurn is NR's Washington bureau chief.

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THE JOFFREY IS THE JOFFREY IS

EDWARD MORGAN IN ARPINO'S *TOUCH ME*. JULIE JANUS AND PETER NARBUTAS IN ARPINO'S *KETTENTANZ*. PETER NARBUTAS

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quotas issue into the state mansion, it's a new ballgame. It is no coincidence, then, that despite all the hoopla and hand-wringing, Senator Kennedy has, as *NR* goes to press, yet to reintroduce in the Senate the reworked civil-rights bill bearing his name.

Nobody knows this better than the civil-rights community itself. William Raspberry took a poke at the bill in a much-quoted column. A front-page *New York Times* story noted the colossal image problems for the professional civil-rights community; a professor of African-American studies conceded, for example, that the public perception of the movement has gone from "a moral crusade" to "the expression of a particular interest group." That was more or less the message delivered to the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights in one of its own commissioned studies. Indeed, so devastating were the results that Ralph Neas (who declined to return our call) has refused to make them public.

Not that they would come as any great surprise. Even inside the Beltway the shift is becoming obvious as the Republicans are aggressively moving to shut the back door to a society based on quotas, set-asides, and racial preferences. The Democrats' defeat on the Resolution Trust Corporation is a good example, but there are any number of other fronts. Representative Dana Rohrabacher (R., Calif.) plans to make reverse discrimination against Asian-Americans in college admissions a battleground in upcoming education bills. Representative Henry Hyde (R., Ill.) took on the Democrats in the Judiciary Committee on the issue of "race-norming" test scores, i.e., raising blacks' and Hispanics' scores over those of whites who score better on exams for the same jobs. "Stuff from heaven," says another GOP operative. "If we can get more of these votes on the floor these guys are going to hang themselves."

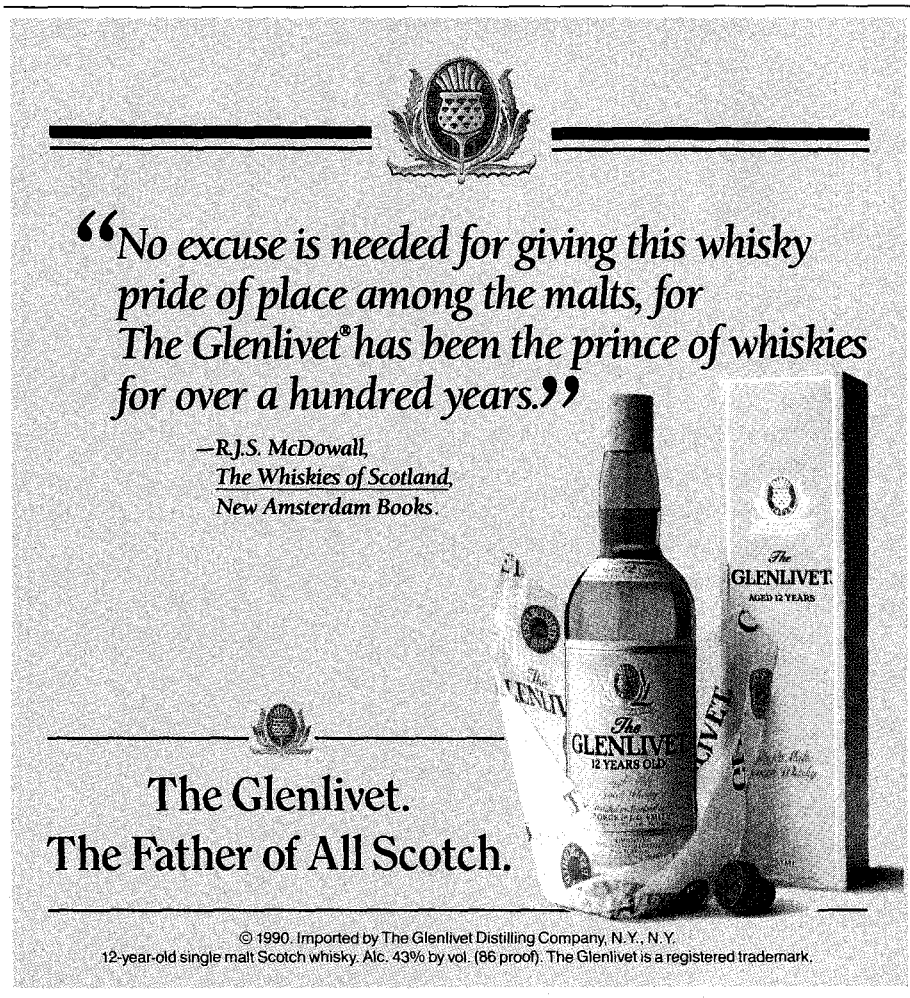
"We have a long tradition of quotas and preferences in legislation," says Congressman Walker, "but what we are now seeing for the first time is a reaction. And one of the reasons these guys want a behemoth civil-rights act is that they don't want to have to defend quotas every day in a host of individual programs."

Say what you will about Senator Phil Gramm (R., Tex.) on taxes, moreover, his presence at the National Republican Senatorial Committee means the GOP won't be shy about making Democrats pay the price on civil rights. "Every time people bring up the budget summit, he says, 'Fine, let's talk about quotas,'" says one GOP Hill staffer. "I'm no fan of Gramm, but if I were a Democrat sitting on the fence about civil rights, I'd be dreaming a lot about Phil Gramm at night."

So what's a Democrat to do? Well, two things. First, they have to move away from race, which they've now done by lumping women in with minorities. Second, they can blackmail big business into some sort of settlement. This is precisely what they have done in secret talks between the Business Roundtable and civil-rights leaders such as Ralph Neas. Roundtable members want to limit their liability—i.e., the risk of losing civil-rights suits and having to pay out—and have appeared willing to recognize quotas in exchange.

This hasn't gone over well with the rest of the business community, which grumbles that the Business Roundtable essentially represents only four huge concerns: AT&T, Johnson & Johnson, Union Pacific, and American Express. But it may cease to be an issue in any case. Ironically, trading off quotas for reduced liability is made more complicated by the repackaging to include gender. Under the 1866 Civil Rights Act racial minorities can already collect monetary damages for discrimination, so that's not such a big issue with them. Not so with women. Clint Bolick of the Landmark Legal Center for Civil Rights points out that Title 7 of the 1964 Civil Rights Act essentially limits women to recovering back pay. For this reason damages for sex discrimination have become a litmus test for women's groups, the upshot being that any compromise acceptable to the Business Roundtable will be unacceptable to them, and vice versa.

In other words, all Republicans have to do on this issue is let the quota brigade get out in front. With a winning hand, there's no reason that the White House couldn't have the best of all possible worlds: no bill at all. The only way for the Kennedys to win is for President Bush to surrender unilater-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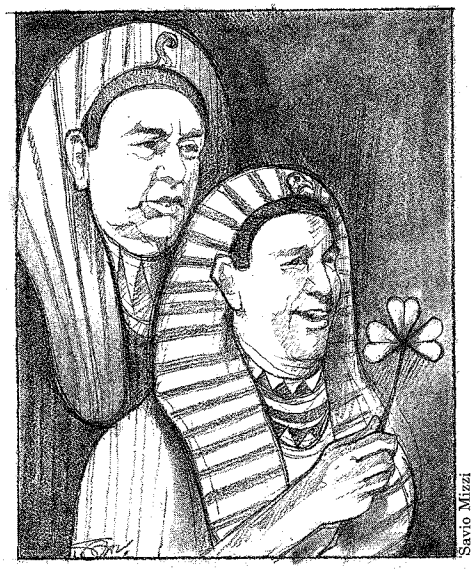
ally. But that's not impossible. Only reluctantly did he last year become the first U.S. President successfully to veto a civil-rights bill, and there's no telling what he will do this year. "I'm not even going to guess," says one senior Administration figure. "You just never know with this guy." □

Vouchers and the Pharaoh's Son

JOHN R. COYNE JR.



Savio Mizzi

CHICAGO

TWO YEARS ago this St. Patrick's Day, on the eve of yet another contentious election, the subject in Chicago—or Beirut-on-the-Lake, as it had come to be called—was race. And providing the focus for that issue was Richard M. Daley, then State's Attorney and son of Himself, Richard J. Daley, whose death in 1976 had led to the total demolition of the city's fabled Democratic machine and opened the door to a new era of intense racial politics.

The progression of events leading to the election of 1989 was a script-writer's dream and civic teacher's nightmare. There were the great snow years of 1978 and 1979, with a beleaguered Mayor Bilandic comparing his plight to the Crucifixion; there were the Jane Byrne years of lakeside festivals, mayoral songfests, and a highly publicized move to Cabrini Green; there were the Harold Washington years, epitomized by City Council wars and the death of the mayor from overeating; and there was the brief interregnum of Alderman Eugene Sawyer, who was elected to succeed Washington after a raucous all-night session at City Hall. So reluctant was Sawyer to accept the designation that he sobbed during his acceptance remarks and had to be physically supported by his fellow aldermen as he delivered them.

By 1989, the city that had once worked no longer seemed to. It was this issue that Daley addressed, just as his father had done, promising results and "a strong dose of common sense." His opponents, for the most part, concentrated on ideology and race. In fact, for the most articulate among them, the founders of the Harold Washington Party, 1989 represented a referendum on black-power politics.

"Race is not *an* issue in this race for mayor," shouted Thomas N. (TNT) Todd in that year. "Race is the *only* damn issue in this campaign."

"We are fighting against Pharaoh's son," trumpeted the Reverend Al Sampson, a black rabble-rousing cleric. "If Daley gets into City Hall, there will be protests in the street. We will shut this city down."

But he did, they didn't, and on this St. Patrick's Day two years later, on the eve of a landslide election and four years uninterrupted by electoral upheaval, Richard M. Daley had already begun the celebration. On Saturday the 16th he led what M. K. Caloger calls the "honky St. Pat's parade" along Dearborn, and on Sunday he marched in the South Side Irish parade, which its somewhat belligerent sponsors bill as "the largest Irish neighborhood parade outside of Dublin." Unlike other years in recent memory, the other candidates were absent. The Daley float, incidentally, featured a rotating box with photos of the mayor, and of his father, The Mayor.

There were those, of course, who protested these pharaonic tendencies, chief among them R. Eugene Pincham, the eccentric ex-judge who in 1987 recommended that blacks who did not vote for Harold Washington "should be hung." This time around, Pincham, running on the Harold Washington Party ticket, warned that "The white community has to open up this city and stop rejecting black leaders. If they don't, one million blacks will feel that it is hopeless, and when they do, it will be chaos."

As usual, Judge Pincham required an interpreter. When asked to define chaos, he said he meant that continued rejection of black leaders will mean black "disrespect for law." And although not asked about that continued "rejection of black leaders," one suspects that the judge, who keeps getting trimmed in each race he enters, might be thinking close to home. But no matter. The Harold Washington Party, formed solely for racial reasons, has come very close to breathing its last.

As Jacky Grimshaw, former political strategist for Harold Washington, put it, "What this election means is that Harold Washington is dead and there's no way he's coming back. The coalition could not be transferred to someone else."

Just to put a cap on the tombstone, on the eve of the election, the *Chicago Defender*, the city's most influential black newspaper and a frequent critic of the mayor, endorsed Daley and ripped Pincham and the Harold Washington Party for negativism and divisiveness. Pincham reacted angrily, meandering into one of those imprecise Biblical analogies of which he is so fond: "When Moses began to lead the Israelites out of Egypt, there were some Israelites who didn't want to go . . ." Well, perhaps. And perhaps Daley is pharaonism personified, but apparently black voters don't quite see Pincham as Moses.

Meanwhile, there's evidence that a new coalition may be forming. In 1985 and 1987, Harold Washington won by adding about 18 per cent of the white vote to his core support among black voters. But this year, according to the polls, a comparable percentage of black voters favor Daley. And in fact, with a 2 to 1 approval rating among blacks, Daley might be in a position to bring back the sort of bi-racial coalition that has not existed in Chicago since his father died.

It would be a gross exaggeration to imply that Chicago hovers on the

Mr. Coyne works for a major corporation in Chicago.

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brink of a new era of good feeling. But the forecasts are more benign than they have been in some time. On the morning of the South Side Irish parade, Daley accompanied a visitor to Chicago to a black South Side church. The visitor was Governor L. Douglas Wilder of Virginia, who praised Daley's management of the city and enthusiastically urged his re-election. And so the Son of Pharaoh was warmly endorsed by a man whose forebears had been sold into bondage —and one of his party's very few hot political properties, to boot.

THE PRESENCE of Wilder in Chicago on that day pointed up the absence of others—among them Jesse Jackson, whose Chicago-based Operation PUSH is in shambles and whose stature as a spokesman for blacks seems increasingly to be, like his spot in the Senate, a matter of shadow rather than substance.

Also not visible on St. Patrick's Day was George Gottlieb, the Chicago police sergeant and detective nominated by the ineffectual Republican organization here to run against Daley. In the previous two elections the Republican candidates for mayor failed to win 5 per cent of the vote; this time, Gottlieb would pull only 4 per cent.

This is a shame, both politically and personally. Gottlieb is an honorable and intelligent man who has staked out clear-cut conservative positions on a variety of issues. He favors "tax accountability" legislation, which would require a three-fifths vote of Chicago's City Council to raise taxes; he has outlined a detailed program of restructuring and modernization to make crime-fighting more effective; and he advocates a voucher system that would make Chicago's public schools more competitive, educators more accountable, and parents more willing to get involved.

His message is well conceived and intelligently developed. But his problem was getting it out. Daley, throughout the campaign, simply refused to debate. And the media consistently refused to give Gottlieb the coverage a major-party candidate should be able to expect, thereby forcing him to give press conferences at which he snipped the heads off roses, thereby symbolizing Daley's unwillingness to debate the issues.

This latter ploy, widely reported here, lacked a current objective correlative, harking back as it did to the Golden Age of the Nixon Administration, when High Agnewvianism was in flower and the Vice President smote the ungodly while the President inhaled the fragrances wafting from the Rose Garden. However, the lack of a correlative meaningful to a new generation was not Gottlieb's fault. He did what he could to get media coverage. In this regard, incidentally, the efforts of the Republican organization are instructive. By the week after St. Patrick's Day, the Daley campaign had raised $1.5 million and was no longer soliciting contributions. The Gottlieb campaign had raised about $22,000.

As Gottlieb pointed out in one interview, timing is essential in politics. And in this mayoral race, his timing was badly off. Daley has been in office only two years, and a city sick of what at times has seemed like civil war wants to give him time to deliver on his promises. In its endorsement of Daley's candidacy, the *Chicago Tribune* gave him high marks for making impressive management innovations at City Hall and for extending "service to all parts of the city with fairness." This, in effect, is what Richard Daley was hired to do, at least initially. Whether he will be able to handle the bigger concerns effectively remains a question. But for now, the feeling is that in areas such as education or finance or crime or housing, the Daley administration deserves more time to develop its programs. In education, for example, a voucher system may be the answer. But the program of school reform is still waiting to be tested, and the right questions have yet to be asked.

George Gottlieb would have been an ideal candidate during the Beirut phase of Chicago's recent history, when calm rational approaches were at a premium. But with the advent of Ramadan and the first peaceful period in a decade, he was not the right candidate at the right time. No doubt, Chicago being Chicago, that will change. And no doubt we will be hearing from George Gottlieb again when it does. And the voucher system.

As for the Son of Pharaoh, the bills on the big-ticket items will be coming due in clusters over the next several years, perhaps chief among them the skyrocketing expenses for health care and pension benefits for city workers. Also to be dealt with: what will happen to the city's finances if the legislature fails to extend the 20 per cent state-income-tax surcharge on which Daley has balanced his 1991 budget.

IT IS HERE, in his relations with Springfield in general and the new governor in particular, that Daley may face his toughest sledding. Unlike Jim Thompson, the former governor, who believed in smoke and mirrors and many balls in the air, Jim Edgar, a lean downstate country boy with the slightly disapproving twang of a small-town dry-goods-store proprietor, impresses many as an old-fashioned Midwestern Republican with an abiding distrust of city folks. And when an old-fashioned Midwestern Republican has to deal with hard times, says one analyst, he pulls in his horns, lays off workers, and pays his bills on time.

This is what Edgar, unlike his predecessor, seems to be doing. Jim Thompson always was willing to accommodate Chicago's special needs on a quid-pro-quo basis. That, in part, is how school reform got off the boards. But Edgar, in his proposed 1992 budget, asks that Chicago pay half the general-assistance welfare payments to the city's poor, and that the share of the temporary income-tax surcharge the city receives be cut in half. If that budget were approved, Chicago would have to fill a $30-million budget gap in mid year and absorb $17 million in welfare costs.

"One thing we're not going to do," Daley said, clearly angry. "We're not going to be picking up public assistance. That bankrupted New York City. . . . If we do it, the City of Chicago would be bankrupt overnight."

"The mayor certainly has a right to his opinions," responded an aide to the governor, rather sniffily. "Does he think we should cut education?"

This promises to be just the first such exchange of many as governments increasingly attempt to hand the fiscal ball off to the next level of governance. Moreover, indications are strong that there is no love lost between the mayor and the new governor. In fact, some believe that the Son of Pharaoh may have larger aspirations—perhaps one way to outdo The Mayor Himself, who in that time and place, although Pharaoh, could never have hoped to be The Governor. □

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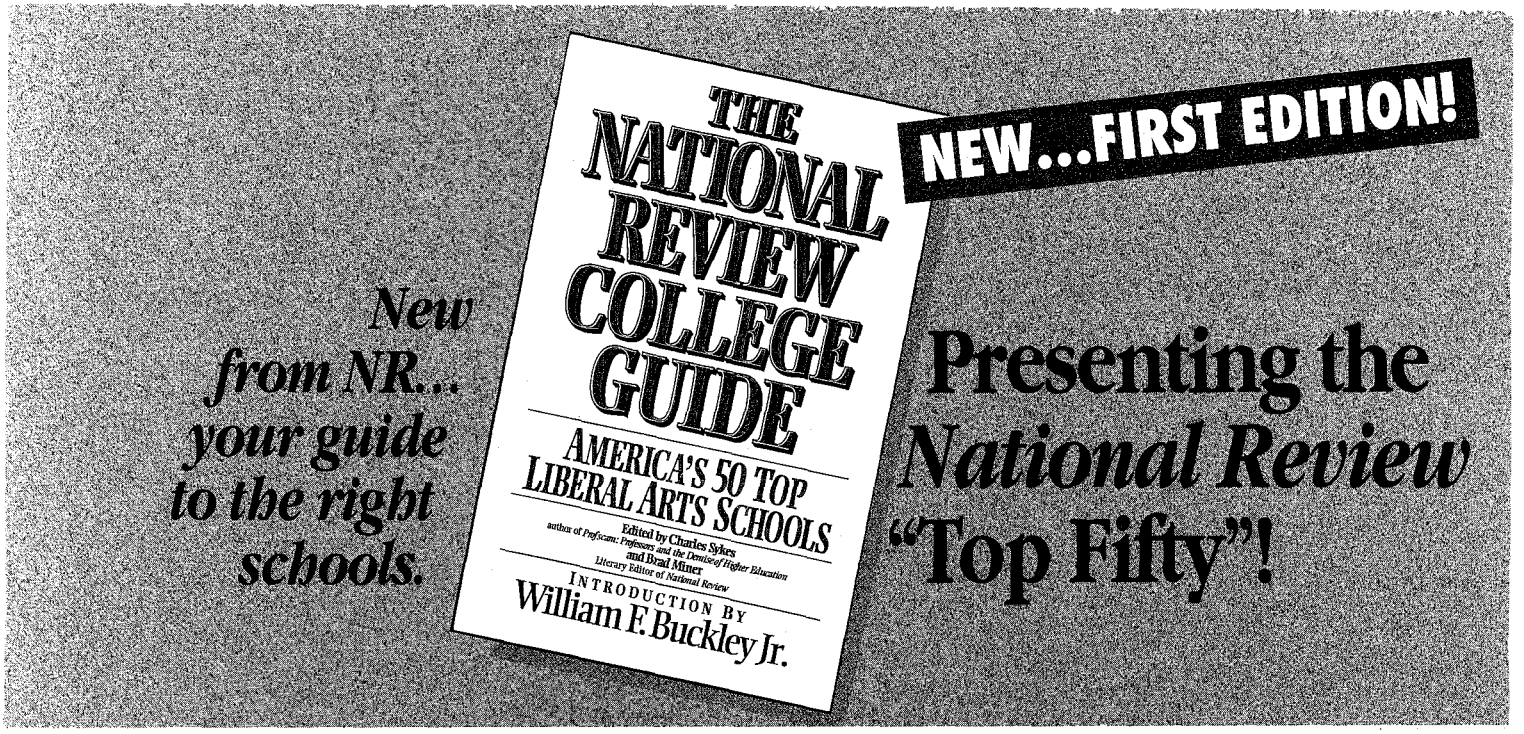
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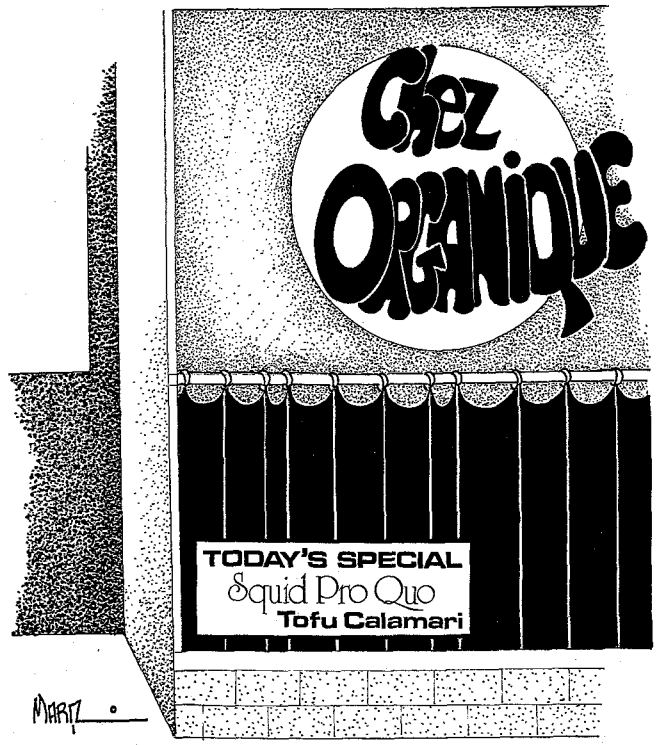

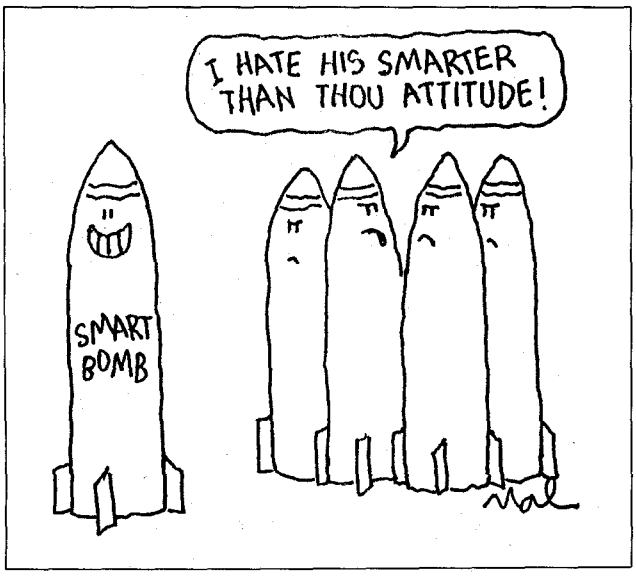

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All the Perfumes of Arabia

Though Democrats shower with Tide
And trowel on pancake to hide
    A spot that's resistant,
    The public's still distant
When asked to step in for a ride.

W. H. VON DREELE

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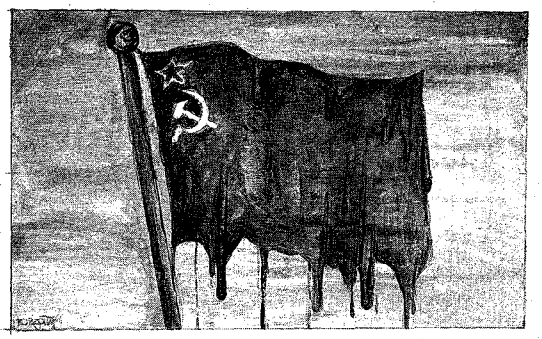
End of the Russian Empire?

MOSCOW BELIEVES IN TEARS



Rotten fish, no bread or milk, sausage even hungry cats won't eat—and Boris Yeltsin waiting in the wings. In Russia's past, revolutions have started over less.

DAVID SATTER

IN a supermarket in one of Moscow's vast, litter-strewn housing complexes, a saleswoman is trying to put blackened potatoes into the bag of a customer who has been waiting in line for half an hour. In another line, shoppers inspect a frozen block of fish trying to guess if the fish is rotten. They know from bitter experience that fish is often allowed to unfreeze, and, if it spoils, it is refrozen and sold.

Meat is rolled into the store on a little carriage, and pandemonium ensues as customers grab for the meat, which a salesman is throwing onto the counter. He is indifferent to their struggling and behaves as if he were feeding animals.

"People feel as if they are being treated as subhuman," said a Moscow artist friend of mine, "and they show their teeth. But it's not just aggressiveness. If they don't fight, they won't eat."

Food shortages in the Soviet Union are nothing new, but in the sixth year of *perestroika*, the conditions in Moscow are the worst since the end of the war. The sausage that is sold in the stores is so poor that even hungry cats will not touch it. Sometimes the sausage is practically liquid. Shops run out of bread and milk. The butter is adulterated, as anyone can see simply by melting it in a frying pan and watching the way the chemicals separate. Buckwheat has disappeared from sale and rice is of poor quality. At dairy counters, there used to be ten or twelve items on sale. Now, there are often only two. Some of the meat that is sold is spoiled, and at the fruit counter, there are bunches of greenish bananas which, in Cuba, are supposedly fed to the cattle.

Mr. Satter, a Soviet specialist, is Hooper Fellow at the Foreign Policy Research Institute in Philadelphia and covers the Soviet Union for Reader's Digest.

It used to be customary in the Soviet Union to answer any complaint about the political system with the question, "What's the matter? Don't you have enough to eat?" In the past, this shut everyone up. Now it doesn't.

"There is terrible irritation on the part of everyone," said Father Valentin Dronov, a Russian Orthodox priest. "Everyone is nervous, crude, no one smiles. Everyone has a lot of money but it's impossible to buy anything." The feeling prevails that the country is on the verge of a catastrophe and that, if living standards don't improve soon, the revolution from above launched by Gorbachev may be replaced by a revolution from below. The people know that bread riots in Petrograd helped to launch the revolution in 1917.

What was striking about the Soviet regime in the past was that its every crime went unpunished and all resistance to it was hopeless. But now people are beginning to ask: Does the regime have the will to survive? Pushkin warned against the horrors of a Russian revolt, "bloody and merciless," but the Soviet masses, so long passive and acquiescent, are restless and looking for someone to lead them out of their seemingly hopeless situation. That person may be Boris Yeltsin, the president of Russia, who is like a specter hovering over the present Communist rulers.

In an earlier incarnation, Yeltsin was the Party boss of Sverdlovsk, and he showed little of the liberalism he displays now. It was Yeltsin who ordered the bulldozing of the Ipatov House in Sverdlovsk—the house in which the last Czar and his family were murdered by a Bolshevik execution squad—after it became a place of silent homage, and he is thought to have helped to cover up the explosion at a germ-warfare plant in Sverdlovsk in 1979 that led to an anthrax epidemic in which at least 64 people died.

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Once he came to Moscow, however, Yeltsin became the leadership's most radical advocate of *perestroika*, and his frequent attacks on "bureaucrats" earned him the hatred of the Party's conservative wing. In 1987, in an unprecedented break with Party protocol, Yeltsin made an attack on Yegor Ligachev, the leader of Party conservatives, and was removed from the Politburo. Shortly afterward, at a meeting of the Moscow city Party committee, Yeltsin publicly repented his impetuosity, begging forgiveness of Gorbachev.

When elections were held for the Supreme Soviet in March 1989, however, Yeltsin was known as a victim of his Party's displeasure. He ran as a candidate for Moscow on a platform calling for the abolition of Party privileges, particularly the hated Fourth Directorate of the Ministry of Health, which provided medical care for the Party elite. The result was that his popularity soared. On the eve of the election, Party leaders announced that they were calling him to Party discipline, which boosted his popularity even further. He wound up taking more than 90 per cent of the vote.

Yeltsin next became a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Republic and ran for the Russian presidency. Once again, the Party apparatus mounted an intense campaign against him, but deputies were deluged with telegrams from constituents demanding that they vote for Yeltsin, and this pressure from below—a new phenomenon in Soviet politics—produced results. Yeltsin narrowly won.

At present, Gorbachev controls the all-Union government and, with it, the army, the Ministry of Internal Affairs, and the KGB, as well as virtually all major factories and other enterprises. Yeltsin, however, has the streets. In a country which was once organized from the top down, Gorbachev cannot make a move without considering its effect on the popular mood or the people's tribune, Yeltsin.

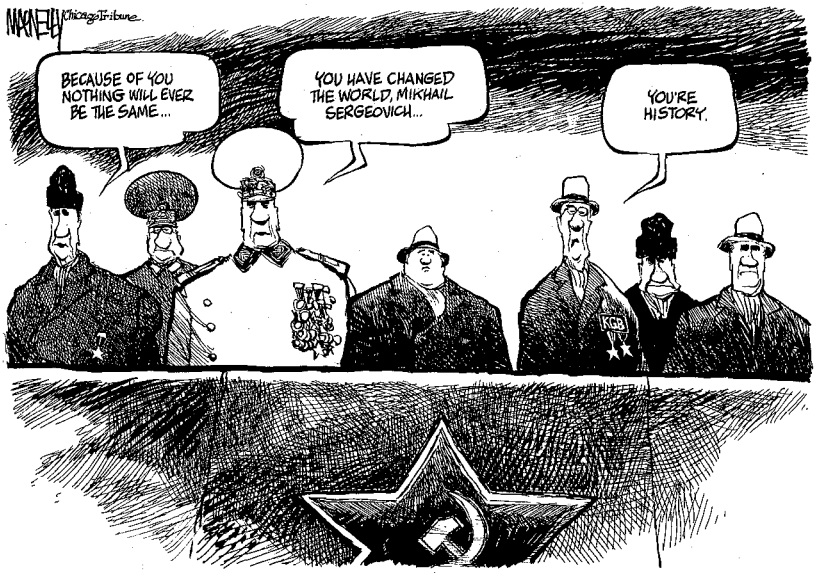
Between Yeltsin and a Hard Place

THERE is an uneasy stalemate in the Soviet Union now, since Yeltsin cannot issue orders, and Gorbachev cannot inspire the population or win support. Under other circumstances, Gorbachev might seek to prolong this stalemate, counting on the immobility of the Soviet system and the isolation of today's demonstrators from the real levers of power, but there are two developments which make delay a costly option for Gorbachev: the directly elected Russian presidency—approved by the Russian Supreme Soviet on April 5 at a session originally called to punish Yeltsin and possibly remove him from office—and the emergence of Soviet coal miners as a political force.

The directly elected Russian presidency will pose a serious threat to the Communist regime's legitimacy. If elections take place as scheduled on June 12, Yeltsin is almost certain to win, showing that neither Gorbachev nor the Communist Party, which Yeltsin left last summer, has a real right to rule. The session was marked by the emergence of a group in the Russian Supreme Soviet calling themselves Communists for Democracy. The existence of such formations and their readiness to give their support not to Gorbachev but to Yeltsin undermines the very bedrock of Gorbachev's rule.

Gorbachev also faces an even more immediate threat in the form of the coal miners, who have begun making political demands, including the resignation of Gorbachev and the liquidation of the Communist regime. [See "Notes from Underground," next page.]

Whether or not the coal miners can achieve their own objectives, they can at least, if they persist, completely wreck the Soviet economy. What is more, they have now learned their strength. The Soviet prime minister,


MAHEU Chicago Tribune
BECAUSE OF YOU NOTHING WILL EVER BE THE SAME...
YOU HAVE CHANGED THE WORLD, MIKHAIL SERGEOVICH...
YOU'RE HISTORY.
KGB

Valentin Pavlov, announced March 23, in a television address, that the deliveries of coal necessary for industry had been reduced by a third and production had stopped at many of the country's largest steel mills. "If the strikes are not ended," Pavlov said, "all of us, including the miners, will have to spend several years to make up the damage."

As the economic situation continues to worsen, there is considerable speculation in Moscow kitchens about "Day X"—the point of no return for Gorbachev and the Communist Party apparatus. It is believed that events are likely to unfold in one of two ways. Either Gorbachev will hesitate to use force and Yeltsin will take power, possibly by way of a "government of national unity." Or there will be a massive crackdown, including an end to *glasnost*, the dissolution of unruly parliaments, the establishment of "committees of national salvation," and the institution, in many parts of the country, of direct presidential rule.

Much depends on attitudes in the army and the KGB, two organizations which, although Party-controlled, have also been affected by the changes of the last few years. There may be forces in the army and the KGB capable of resisting and even preventing a crackdown.

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In the end, however, the choice of whether to crack down will be made by Gorbachev himself, and the portents are not encouraging. Gorbachev is a reformer. He has changed Soviet society beyond recognition and, on balance, for the better. But the last six years show that he is motivated by tactical considerations, not morality. He remains a disciple of Lenin, who said that the "main thing is the question of power."

He also remains a man unwilling to accept responsibility. In January, he said that he only learned about the decision to shoot unarmed demonstrators at the Vilnius television tower the following morning. He blamed last year's price increases, which inspired panic buying, on his prime minister, Nikolai Ryzhkov. He let it be known that he was not fully informed about the decision to use force against demonstrators in Tbilisi in April 1989, and he credited the anti-alcoholism campaign to his conservative former rival in the Politburo, Yegor Ligachev.

The tendency never to take responsibility for anything goes back to the beginning of Gorbachev's rule. In Paris in 1985, Gorbachev said publicly that the Soviet Union did not have any political prisoners. His advisors now explain that he was lied to by the KGB.

In addition to never taking responsibility for anything, Gorbachev gives Soviet citizens the impression that he never says anything. Gorbachev's long and empty speeches on Soviet television include remarks like the following: "We are really moving to a very important phase of reform. We are going to intensify all this, find the correct decisions which are demanded by life and the processes of *perestroika* and seize the initiative for the long term and, more important, powerfully move ahead.

"Will this process be simple? No. It will take place in struggle. More to the point, we have reached the stage in which positions have crystallized. It seems to me that through these measures we will increase our efforts in the main direction of *perestroika*. . . ."

Fortunately, in trying to divine Gorbachev's inten-

NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

DONETSK—If Dante were alive today he would set the scenes of hell in Donetsk, Eastern Ukraine, center of the Donbass coal field. Fat, prematurely aged women in peasant scarves push and shove in the melees which, in the Soviet Union, pass for bread lines. A survey of the faces of men on a bus shows half of them in various stages of degeneration, madness, or drunkenness. Wild, wide-eyed faces stare at a stranger with a mixture of incomprehension and hostility. A huge Lenin in the central square points his granite arm at the cloud of pollution overhead. Even the bright red of Communist slogans is hardly visible underneath a thick film of dust that covers everything. Wooden huts that remember czarist times huddle around the perimeter of a vast steelworks, its chimneys spewing clouds of orange poison. Among Donetsk's few claims to fame are the highest suicide rate and the highest infant-mortality rate in the Soviet Union.

At the Zaperevalna mine, the tracks coming out of the yard are red with rust. Like 11 other of Donetsk's 29 mines, Zaperevalna is on strike. Young miners kill time in a smoky room, watching television and playing cards. Kolya, a young activist who explains to me the nuts and bolts of the situation, is a blond, powerfully built man with the sickly Donetsk complexion. The miners have been out for three weeks, after a vote in which 73 per cent of them backed the strike. They demand pay raises and the elimination of "dead souls"—bureaucrats, footballers, and suchlike, who draw the salaries of pit-head workers though they've never been down a shaft. At the head of their list of demands, however, is that President Gorbachev resign, the Supreme Soviet be dissolved, and Ukraine's sovereignty be respected. "In 1989 we made economic demands and they have cheated us. Now we know we can only achieve our aims if we bring down the Communist system and the Soviet empire," says Kolya. "If Ukraine is independent we will make a deal with Kiev. Moscow will always cheat us."

The theme tune of the Soviet news bulletin *Vremya* blares out from the television set, and the men huddle around the box. One of the first items is that the "Red Army" mine in Donetsk has gone back to work. Seconds later the telephone rings. It is a strike leader from the "Red Army." "Friends," we hear him shouting into the receiver, "it's not true. The 'Red Army' is solid."

"You see," grins Kolya, obviously delighted to be able to show me so graphically what he means, "they always lie. It was the same in 1989. We sat all day in the main square, several thousand of us, with big television screens set up on all sides. And on comes Gorbachev saying that the miners of Donetsk have already gone back to work. The square shook with laughter."

The remarkable thing about Kolya is that he is Russian, not Ukrainian. Indeed a large proportion of the striking miners in Donbass are non-Ukrainian. Eastern Ukraine is said to be the Achilles' heel of the nationalist movement. Yet the miners all demand Ukrainian independence, including all the non-Ukrainians I spoke to at the Zaperevalna: a Georgian, a Pole, a Jew, several Russians, and an Uzbek. Without PhDs in political science they have grasped what many Western experts have still not understood: that the Soviet Union is too riven with contradictions for any reforms to succeed. A transition to the market can proceed only if the USSR is broken up into more manageable units. Ukraine on its own will be hard enough to turn around, with its antiquated industry, contaminated environment, and unhealthy people. Homogeneous nation-states such as Poland and Hungary are only just managing to

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tions, it's possible to do more than read his speeches. He has taken a number of steps in recent months which indicate that he is ready for a confrontation and prepared, if necessary, to reverse the reforms of the last six years.

The most obvious change is in the economic area. By late last year, the chaos created by attempts to introduce elements of the market into an economy based on the abolition of the market had reached a point where it was necessary to make a decision either to move to a genuine free market or to reinforce central planning. At first, Gorbachev, under pressure from Yeltsin, pronounced himself in favor of the Shatalin plan, a program for a five-hundred-day transition to a market economy. Then, however, Gorbachev issued an order to respect existing state contracts, in that way banning—or at least trying to ban—barter agreements between republics. He ordered enterprises to provide the same level of deliveries to the state in 1991 as in 1990.

The Communist authorities next announced a monetary reform which confiscated a large share of the population's wealth. According to the decree of January 22 of this year, fifty- and one-hundred-ruble notes were declared worthless, and citizens could exchange them unconditionally for up to one thousand rubles in new notes. To receive more than one thousand rubles in new notes, it was necessary to explain how the old notes were acquired. The measure was supposedly aimed at black-market operators—but they keep their money in gold, diamonds, or antiques, not in banknotes; and in any case many were tipped off in advance. Instead, the blow fell on ordinary citizens, who keep their savings in cash; by the end of the three-day period, the Soviet government had collected forty billion rubles from the population in an act of confiscation that will almost certainly destroy all faith in the possibility of a convertible currency and a free market.

Another blow to the prospect of a free market was the decree which authorizes agents of the KGB and the Interior Ministry to enter freely and search the premises

struggle through. So long as Moscow is breathing down Ukraine's neck, it is not even worth trying.

Independence is a precondition of economic reform, and the chances of Ukraine becoming independent before the end of the century seem to grow with every passing month. Despite Moscow's claims to the contrary, even the results of last month's referendum confirm this. On the one hand, just over 70 per cent voted "yes" on President Gorbachev's loaded question as to whether or not a "renewed" Union should be maintained. On the other, over 80 per cent agreed that Ukraine should be sovereign. A draw?

Underlying trends favor the nationalists. First, although generally fair, the referendum was carried out under a phenomenal barrage of Soviet propaganda. Quite contrary to the rules, government helicopters showered Donetsk with leaflets portraying Gorbachev's opponents as heirs to the Ukrainian Waffen-SS Galizien division. Needless to say, the accused were given no opportunity to answer the charges or present their case in the media. Second, even in such conditions, Kiev, which is historically part of the Russified Eastern Ukraine, voted against the Union. Third, a careful reading of the results shows that the cities, and industrial workers, are leaning toward independence; support for the Union holds only in the most backward, least educated, and poorest regions. Hardly a rock on which to build a lasting consensus.

SOVIET society is showing signs of the same paradox that obtained in Eastern Europe. It was the best-paid, elite workers and the intelligentsia who rebelled first, while the most downtrodden were the last to wake up. The elite workers in Ukraine now see a common economic interest and are convinced they are exploited by Moscow. Also for the first time, they share a martyr. All the miners—from the westernmost mines of Chervonograd to the easternmost fields of Donetsk—demand the release of Stepan Khmara, an activist almost certainly framed by the KGB. Economic deprivation, a sense of injustice, and martyrs combine to give people a powerful sense of unity and purpose.

However, if Lech Walesa and his Solidarity are the best examples thus far of how a workers' movement can topple a Communist dictatorship, then the miners' movement in Ukraine and, I believe, in other parts of the Soviet Union falls short of the ideal. Brave and tough as they are, they have not developed the skills necessary to topple the Communists. They have not co-opted intellectuals to advise them on policy. They have not organized independent trade unions to represent their interests beyond the strike. They do not see that the strike, to be successful, should only be an instrument of policy, and not a substitute for it. They seem to expect that dogged determination will be enough to bring down Soviet power, Gorbachev, KGB, and all. They seem to expect that if they strike for long enough, Mr. Gorbachev will say something like: "Very well, then, if you don't want me, I resign. Over to you." One of the leaders in Donetsk even told me that they only need to hold out till June and then the Soviet Union will break up of itself. Nostradamus, he proclaimed with a glint in his eye, predicted that Satan would rule on earth for 73 years and six months.

Unless the strike spreads to other industries, the miners will probably lose this time. Somehow or another Moscow will once again bribe, hoodwink, or intimidate them. But this is only round one. Walesa first became a strike leader in 1970 and the president of free Poland only in 1991. If they learn from their mistakes, Ukrainian miners will not be hoodwinked or intimidated forever.

—RADEK SIKORSKI

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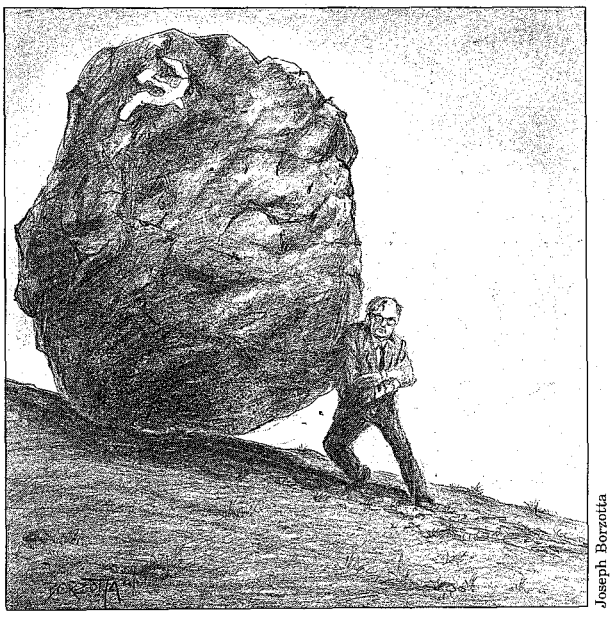
of any factory or other enterprise and to take from banks and credit organizations the details of their financial transactions. As the most basic products disappear from the stores, the Soviet Union seems to be heading not toward capitalism but toward a system of universal rationing.

Alongside the reversal in economic policy, Gorbachev has enacted a number of laws and regulations which lay the legal groundwork for martial law. A law has been passed which gives the police the right to enter any home without warning and without a prosecutor's sanction if they are seeking to prevent "violations of social order." Even more frightening is a new law which, in addition to lengthening the period that citizens may be held for questioning from three hours to three days, provides all branches of the military service with powers equal to those of the police. They too can now freely enter any home at any time.

The Supreme Soviet has also passed a law giving the Soviet president the right to declare a state of emergency in a republic without the agreement of its leaders. Under its provisions citizens can be prevented from entering or leaving the area; citizens can be assigned to work and transferred from one job to another against their will; strikes, meetings, demonstrations, and the possession of hunting arms can be banned; citizens are subject to house arrest; and the authorities can ban the use of copying equipment, control the information media, and freeze the activities of social organizations and political parties. If the local authorities refuse to cooperate, a presidential emissary is put in charge and the principal institutions of the republic become subject to military authority.



Joseph Borzotta

It appeared in January that it was precisely this which was about to happen in Lithuania. The official press was suddenly full of articles about the persecution of the local Russian population. Military units were sent into the republic to hunt for draft evaders, and they began seizing strategic buildings. A shadowy "committee for national salvation" appeared and declared itself the real power in the republic. Unarmed civilians were massacred. Something then happened to stay the authorities' hand. For the moment, the country is waiting . . .

Prognosis: Uncertain

A TAXI DRIVER told me that Moscow was now divided into optimists, pessimists, and realists. The optimists were studying foreign languages and hoping to emigrate. The pessimists were refusing to do anything, on the grounds that all effort was pointless. The realists were buying Kalashnikovs. The story would once have sounded extreme—particularly since it used to be impossible to buy a Kalashnikov—but it doesn't any more.

The Soviet Union is clearly at a turning point in its history, and what happens in the next few months will affect not only its own future shape but the shape of the world. Most Moscow intellectuals now expect that there will be a crackdown.

A crackdown, however, will solve nothing. It might restore order briefly and improve the situation in the stores, because Party control over the economy, which *perestroika* removed, would be restored. But it can only accelerate the Soviet Union's long-term decline, making it inevitable that more radical reformers will appear in due course from within the authorities' own ranks—reformers who will be ready to do away with Communism completely. After all, the Soviet system was doomed by technical progress, particularly the development of computers, not by any lack of internal repressive possibilities.

A more interesting question, however, is what awaits the Soviet Union if Yeltsin comes to power and begins to dismantle the structures of the Communist state.

Even the abandonment of empire and of the planned economy will not solve Russia's problems but only represent a new beginning. Russian society will still have to deal with the effects of seven decades of lies and collectivism. It is no ordinary, healthy society which will be marching forward into the glittering world of the free market, but a country which has been wounded by generations of spiritual sterilization and enforced indolence. Accumulations of wealth will be in the hands of the least honorable among Soviet citizens, the black-market operators and former members of the Party–government apparatus. It is they who will realize the possibility of making money while the rest of the population is exposed unprotected to the dark side of capitalist freedom—mass unemployment, insecurity, and spiraling inflation.

The Soviet Union was permeated by an ideology which, although absurd, created its own peculiar form of social consensus. Soviet citizens were provided with a minimum level of security and, in return, denied certain basic rights.

If they are now given rights and deprived of security, how will they react? This is the question which hangs over the Soviet situation as a struggle for power continues in which, for the first time, the much-abused average Soviet citizen may have a role in the outcome. □

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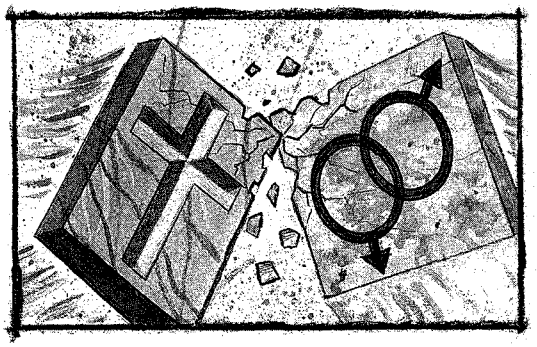
SODOM AND BEGORRAH



The St. Patrick's Day flap in New York was a clash between 'gay rights' and Catholic values. 'Hate the sin but love the sinner' is now deemed insensitive. But what rights should homosexuals have?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

NOTWITHSTANDING the old joke that an Irish homosexual is a man who prefers women to drink, a group of Irish gays and lesbians applied this year for an official presence in the St. Patrick's Day parade in New York. Resistance was interpreted by liberal politicians like Mayor David Dinkins as bigotry. It is better understood as instinctive resentment at being asked to bestow moral approval on the practice of homosexuality.

The St. Patrick's Day parade celebrates not only Irishness but Catholicism, which frowns on homosexuality. No doubt many of the marchers privately do things incompatible with Catholicism, or merely irrelevant to it. But they do not seek to march behind banners such as "Irish Adulterers" or "Irish Stamp Collectors." Does homosexuality have any more to do with being Irish than stamp collecting or adultery?

The St. Patrick's Day controversy indicates that the demand for "gay rights" is essentially a demand for respect and approval rather than for rights. And it begins with numbers.

By some current estimates about 10 per cent of the male population in the Western world is homosexual. Homosexual groups tend to cite the higher figure, presumably because that makes homosexuality seem more acceptable. Other estimates go as low as 5 or 3 per cent. However, these are no more than guesses; and they refer to an average: the proportion in San Francisco may be higher; elsewhere it may be lower. About female homosexuality not enough is known even for a guess. Little is known as well about homosexuality in the non-Western world, or in the past. Further, homosexuality is vaguely defined: do we include only persons who have sexual activity with others of the same sex exclusively, or also those who do so preponderantly or just occasionally? (Perhaps the label "bisexual" better suits the last category.)

Has the proportion of homosexuals in the U.S. population increased recently? They certainly have become more visible. It is not possible, however, to determine whether the same number of homosexuals has become more visible, owing to recently lessened legal and social pressures, or whether the number has actually increased. Less pressure might lead some to activate homosexual inclinations which previously they did not avow even to themselves. There may be more homosexual activity, then, or just more open homosexual activity, or both.

Whatever its size, a homosexual minority is known to have existed in all societies throughout history. At times that minority was fully accepted; at other times merely tolerated, or even ferociously suppressed. Suppression reduces visibility; it also leads some to give up homosexual activity. Still, the most ferocious suppression, including the death penalty, has never stamped out homosexuality altogether.

Causes and Effects

WHAT causes homosexuality? And what causes the hostility of many heterosexuals? The simplest and, among homosexuals, the most popular theory explains that homosexuality is just as genetic as heterosexuality. There is indeed some evidence for genetic inheritance: identical twins separated at birth tend both to be either homosexual or heterosexual; babies with a homosexual natural father, adopted by heterosexual families, tend to become homosexual. This suggests a degree of genetic disposition, which, in some cases, seems to be sufficient to produce homosexuality. But the genetic disposition does not seem to be necessary or sufficient. Homosexuality occurs in families that have not known it before, and heterosexuality occurs in children of homosexuals.

If homosexuality were altogether genetic, its frequency would diminish over time. Homosexuals have fewer children than heterosexuals. Thus, the proportion of homosexuals in the population would diminish, if homosexuality were produced solely, or even mainly, by genetic factors. However, there is no indication of a smaller proportion of homosexuals. One must conclude that homosexual behavior depends partly on environmental influences, even if genetic dispositions play an as yet unquantified role.

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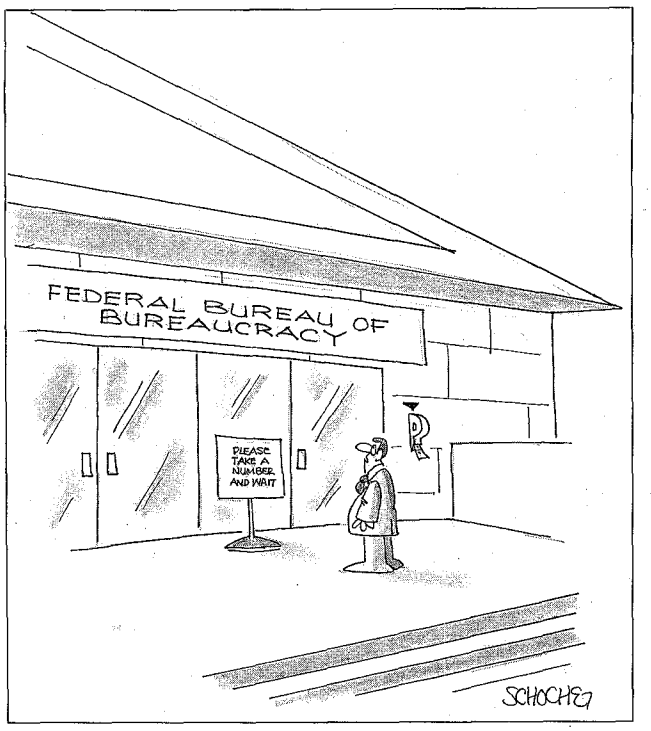
We know very little about the early intrafamilial and later extrafamilial factors that may contribute to homosexual behavior. Theories abound, some quite plausible, but none fully demonstrated. A goodly proportion of homosexuality may be caused by very early imprinting in babies. But this is a possibility rather than a certainty. The most widely accepted theories postulate an unacceptable paternal figure, who is either too weak, or too punitively dominating, or too distant, combined with an overly possessive maternal figure on whom the infant comes to depend excessively for emotional support. There are many such constellations, but they are not found in all cases. Nor are narcissism or unconscious castration fears.



The American Psychiatric Association used to list homosexuality as a disease, although homosexuality does not shorten life, is not painful, and does not impair desired functions—which is what diseases do, by definition. The listing was a thinly disguised moral judgment. The recent delisting expressed a change in moral judgment. But it is justified also because there never was any clinical evidence for the disease listing. Psychiatrists should not make moral judgments disguised as medical ones.

Similarly, what is now called homophobia—namely, the dislike of homosexuals—is scarcely a phobia, i.e., a pathological fear. A phobic person suffers great anxiety in the presence of the object of his phobia, which he will try to avoid. Now, people who dislike homosexuals may be unsure of their own sexual identity, or may have made an adverse moral judgment on homosexuality, or may have an irrational prejudice against it. None of this is phobic. "Homophobia" is also an illiterate coinage, which literally means fear of one's own kind, e.g., fear of homosexuals by homosexuals or of heterosexuals by heterosexuals, but not fear of the former by the latter.

Is homosexuality associated specifically with promiscuity? Some homosexuals have stable relations with each other just as married heterosexuals do. Others are moderately or extremely promiscuous. The most promiscuous homosexuals are the most highly visible, but seem also to constitute a higher proportion of homosexuals than of heterosexuals.

Highly promiscuous behavior is usually a symptom of a personality disturbance, most often compulsiveness. Some promiscuous persons hate their own behavior. Others make it the center of their life. Since homosexuality is not a disease, it need not and cannot be "cured." However, when homosexual behavior is symptomatic of an underlying personality disturbance, treatment of that disturbance may lead to a change, including a change of the sexual object. In other cases, treatment may lead to the patient's fuller acceptance, with less conflict, of some homosexual pattern.

God's Will

JUDAIC AND Christian Scriptural tradition condemns homosexuality as contrary to God's will (there are some, rather strained, dissenting interpretations). Thus, the view of traditional believers is preordained: homosexual acts are sinful. Other traditions (including most legal ones) condemn homosexuality as contrary to nature. However, nature makes homosexuality possible (else there would be no problem) and can acquire the prescriptive authority ascribed to it only if it is believed to reveal the divine will. Thus "contrary to nature" is not essentially different from "contrary to God's will." This won't do for unbelievers; nor for a society legislating according to non-revealed secular principles.

Our Constitution is mute on homosexuality. The idea that we can read into it whatever is reasonable or fashionable, by interpreting "emanations," is unconvincing. Thus, if states prohibit sodomy they may be silly, but the Constitution does not prohibit silliness. We should vote against such prohibitions, however. Prohibition is unlikely to be effective, and consensual sodomy by adults at worst harms the participants, who ought to be free to harm themselves.

Admittedly, anal intercourse brings a high risk of infection with the AIDS virus. But this sexual practice is not always, nor exclusively, engaged in by homosexuals. Nor is it the only way in which the virus is transmitted. Homosexuals do, however, take the risk of anal intercourse more often than heterosexuals, and thus are more vulnerable to the disease. Nonetheless, AIDS is not a specific homosexual disease.

In short, society has no compelling interest that justifies prohibiting or even legislating about homosexuality. But this is only a partial answer to the question: How should we deal with homosexuals?

Homosexual groups demand "gay rights." To be sure, homosexuals should have the same civil rights as heterosexuals, which currently they do not in some instances. The military won't accept known homosexuals, contending that they would be disruptive, and that sexual liaisons would undermine discipline. Yet history suggests that homosexuals can make excellent soldiers. And the admission of women soldiers undermines the sexual rationale for excluding them. Hence there are no longer solid grounds for the exclusionary policy and it should be changed—not by the courts (constitutional grounds are doubtful) but by the executive or Congress.

Should there be, however, legal intervention to prohibit private discrimination? What about discrimination in employment or housing? Here, the question is one of need. There was good reason in the past for protecting

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blacks from discrimination. They often had to live in segregated areas, with little access to education and to desirable jobs. Their average income was low. But none of this applies to homosexuals. They do well in education, in the professions, in business and the arts. They do not have to live in segregated areas. Their income is not below average. To protect them by law against discrimination—as we currently do in New York—is not just unnecessary, but harmful. Legislation makes it harder to fire homosexuals for whatever reason, because they can claim illegal discrimination. Employers, therefore, will hesitate to hire them. Similarly, landlords will hesitate to rent to them. Most anti-discrimination legislation has such unintended effects. It is more advantageous to lawyers and politicians than to those it supposedly benefits.

The exclusion of homosexuals from some private institutions is justifiable. If a church regards homosexuality as sinful, one should not demand that it hire practicing homosexuals. However, in non-religious institutions of higher learning, the sexual disposition of teachers and students is irrelevant to the educational tasks involved. College students should be adult enough not to be affected by the sexual inclinations of their teachers. Hence the exclusion of homosexuals is not justified, unless the college belongs to an exclusionary denomination.

Many colleges currently subsidize homosexual clubs and organizations. Instead, colleges should make sure that homosexuals can join the organizations for which they would ordinarily qualify. Subsidies should be available exclusively to organizations which cultivate the interests colleges exist to foster, such as science, literature, philosophy, etc. Sexual interests should be a private matter. It seems silly to make them one's main interest in life, even while in college, and even more silly for colleges to subsidize such distortions. However, purely social organizations ought to be allowed to be as selective as they wish. Freedom of association implies freedom of dissociation.

In primary and secondary education the situation is different. There is no evidence that homosexual teachers seduce minors more often than heterosexuals do. But teachers not only teach, but also serve as models for children. Therefore, parents should be able to exclude teachers whose conduct they regard as immoral. Consider a competent mathematics teacher who, in her free time, is known to work as a prostitute, in a state in which prostitution is legal. Parents will object, because they do not want their children to be taught by someone whose known sexual activities would make her unwelcome in their homes and who, they fear, may somehow influence their children by giving respectability to activities they regard as wrong. The case of the homosexual teacher does not seem to be all that different.

Courts have held, however, that a teacher is entitled to his job regardless of his sexual behavior outside the school. I think the courts are wrong. The right of parents not to have their children taught by persons whose conduct they abhor, and who they think will set a bad example for their children, ought to take precedence over anyone's right to be employed in a school. Reasonable parents may not always want to exercise their right. But they should retain it.

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Activists occasionally complain that heterosexuals can marry each other, while homosexuals cannot. They see this as a disadvantage particularly with respect to inheritance and pensions of survivors. But marriage is a heterosexual institution, which exists largely to provide for the upbringing of the couple's children. Homosexual "marriage" would be an entirely different institution. Society simply does not have as great an interest in keeping homosexual couples together as it does in maintaining a stable family life for children.

Pensions for survivors exist to protect widows unaccustomed to gainful employment and their minor children. None of this applies to homosexual couples. As for inheritance, homosexual partners can make wills and leave whatever they wish to one another. ("Ah," the activist may object, "but not the apartment." However, homosexuals can bequeath their shared apartment to the surviving partner—if they own it—just as heterosexuals can. What if they just rent the apartment? A rented apartment belongs to the landlord. The tenant cannot leave it to anyone, because it is not his. To be sure, rent-control legislation often treats rented apartments as the property of the tenant and allows tenants to leave them to surviving spouses. That unwarranted discrimination against landlords should not be available to homosexual or heterosexual tenants.)

No-So-Hidden Agenda

BUT THE campaign for "gay rights" aims at more than rectification of specific forms of discrimination. The attempt to increase legal protection for homosexuals reflects a not-so-hidden agenda: to compel everybody to regard homosexuals as morally equal to heterosexuals, homosexuality as no less legitimate than heterosexuality. Can any laws accomplish this? Should they?

Homosexuality is not a disease (nor can it be labeled a preference; preferences are voluntary and homosexuality rarely is). Yet homosexuality is perceived by the majority of people as a defect. There is no way of showing that perception to be wrong. Compare homosexuality to a limp, acquired or inborn. The limping person may be a brilliant mathematician, philosopher, artist, politician, businessman, or physician. He may be charming as well. Still, he will not do for baseball games and some other sports; nor will he be a good companion on long walks. For those to whom these things matter, his defect matters. Even for others it will matter at times, particularly when they are young.

Homosexuality is certainly not a physical defect. But in the eyes of most heterosexuals, it is a psychological one. Most if not all males, at the beginning of their sexual careers, are intimidated by, even fearful of, women. In time they overcome much of that fear. Heterosexuals feel that somehow homosexuals do not; and that they take the easy way out by turning to their own sex. There may be some truth to this vague and half-conscious theory, though it may explain more about heterosexual attitudes than about homosexual behavior.

At any rate, the belief does not mean that homosexuals are less good than heterosexuals. Despite his limp, a man may be a much better person than another who does not limp. However, the heterosexual belief means that, in the eyes of most heterosexuals, homosexuality is a psychological defect. Nothing will persuade heterosexuals to believe that homosexuality is psychologically or morally as legitimate as their own heterosexuality. They cannot be shown to be wrong, and they should not be compelled by law to act as if they were. □

THE REVOLUTION BETRAYED, AGAIN

NICARAGUA'S KILLING FIELDS

AMBROSE EVANS-PRITCHARD

DURING the years of Sandinista rule it was difficult for a journalist to report on large areas of the interior of Nicaragua. A special travel permit was required from the State Security, and in my case was never granted; "guides" were often mandatory; and the local inhabitants were unwilling to speak out. A year into the government of Violeta Chamorro there is still a residual atmosphere of terror in some areas, but the lid of repression has been lifted enough to give the world a glimpse of what happened between 1979 and 1990. The tale is blacker even than the much-defamed critics of Sandinismo dared to suggest.

Over the Easter weekend I visited Correntada Larga, a community of small cattle farmers, four hours by motorized canoe up the remote Rio Siquia. It was a virgin killing field, according to the inhabitants: no foreigner had ever come to take their testimony. Yet it appears that they were the victims of the biggest massacre hitherto recorded in Spanish-speaking areas of Nicaragua. (The Miskito Indian areas and the English-speaking enclaves have their own stories to tell.) On December 3, 1981, the State Security took over the big wooden farm house of the Sequeira family. Over the next two weeks it "processed" 37 unarmed *campesinos*, accused of plotting to set up the first embryonic cells of the Contra movement. After interrogation the *campesinos* were taken out in small groups and either hanged or shot. A further thirty *campesinos* were reportedly killed in the surrounding farms, bringing the total to about 67.

The graves are scattered in the hills. I asked to see one as a sample. The *campesinos* agreed eagerly. They hacked their way through dense semi-jungle with their machetes until they found a small chalk cross, where they began to scrabble with their hands. The first sign was a pair of red polyester trousers, perfectly preserved, then

Mr. Evans-Pritchard is a freelance writer living in Guatemala.

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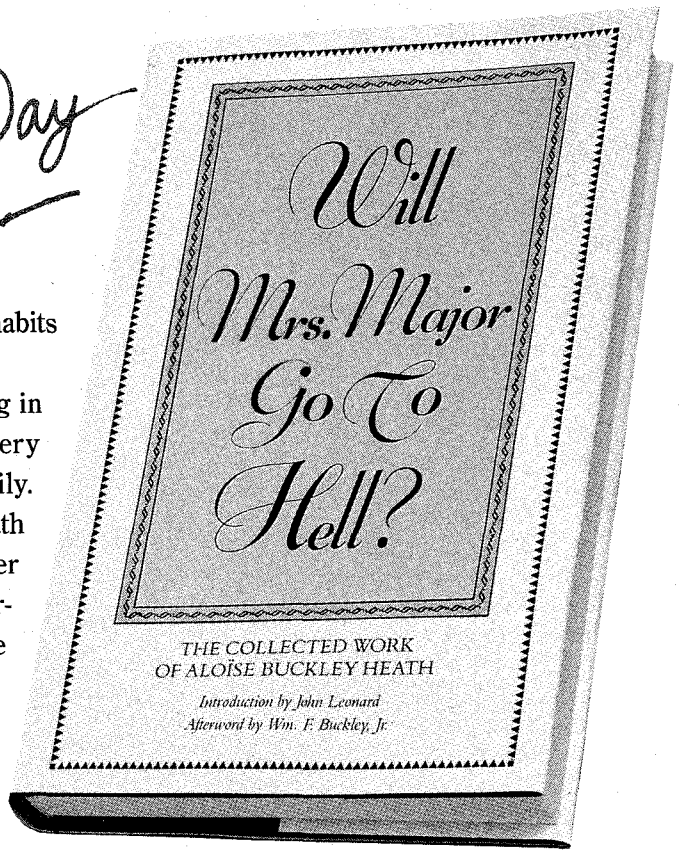
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THE COLLECTED WORK OF ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH
Introduction by John Leonard
Afterword by Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

Here is what the "Book-of-the-Month Club News" said about **Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?** when it was first published:

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a checked shirt. "It's Miguel, my cousin," said a young man, quietly. "We'd hoped he'd escaped alive." There were three bodies, each with a belt fastened tightly around the neck. Apparently this was the hallmark of the State Security.

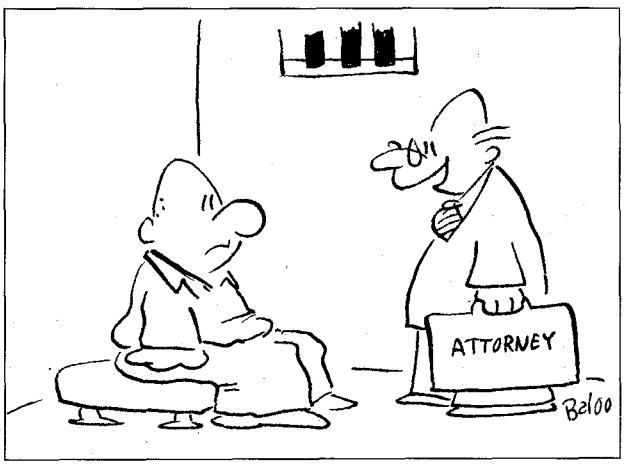
Why didn't the relatives denounce the massacre at the time? I asked Emerenciana Sequeira, whose husband was killed. "Denounce to whom?" she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "We didn't trust anybody. We could have fallen into another of their traps."

The killings at Correntada Larga are significant for two reasons. First, the date: In December 1981 the Nicaraguan civil war had not begun. We are looking at pre-emptive maneuvers by the State Security. Second, the officials responsible have not been punished; in fact, they still control the apparatus of repression in the area. Alapito Laguna, accused of overseeing the torture, still lives in the nearby town of Puerto Esperanza, walks the streets armed, and is the political liaison officer at the local army barracks. The army, of course, is the same unreconstructed Sandinista People's Army officered by the Sandinista Front and commanded to this day by General Humberto Ortega.

"We're not asking for revenge," said Macario Amador, brother-in-law of one of the dead. "We're just asking that these people leave us alone once and for all."

Nine mass graves have been found across Nicaragua over the last year, and others are waiting to be exhumed. The sleuth behind many of these discoveries is Raoul Shade, an Anglo-Spanish photographer, who has passed the information to the Nicaraguan Association for Human Rights and the mainstream press. Among the confirmed massacres: 17 evangelicals from the Assemblies of God, whose throats were cut in Murra in April 1982; nine people, including children aged five and two, killed at San José de Bocay in 1985 (the Sandinista official accused is now police chief of the nearby town of El Cua); and 11 people killed at an army base at Wiwili in 1983 (the accused is still police chief in Wiwili).

Let bygones be bygones, says Violeta Chamorro. Nothing has "gone by," however. The killing continues. Thirty-three former Contras have been murdered since they laid down their arms and returned to civilian life, according to the monitoring office of the OAS. The figure is over a hundred if you include *correos*, the support network of the Contras. A mixed group of 15 was killed in December by the Sandinista military in the northern town of Jalapa, many of them hunted down and shot in their houses after they staged a protest against abuses. There have also been targeted death-squad killings. In the town of San Juan del Rio Coco a senior Contra commander, Tirson Moreno, was assassinated in December at the local discotheque. The State Security was responsible, says the powerless town mayor, who belongs to Mrs. Chamorro's UNO coalition. "Here they do whatever they want. They kill one moment and then go out partying the next."



"You lucked out—the grand jury doesn't want to get involved."

The repression is not confined to ex-Contras, or ex-Contra zones. I stopped to buy a Coca-Cola in the town of Palacaguina and casually asked how things were going. The young couple behind the counter looked around furtively, then told me that they had both been seized by the State Security in January of *this year* and imprisoned for a month, incommunicado, without being charged, while their infant children were literally left on the streets. Both showed me their credentials as UNO poll-watchers in the elections. They directed me to a house outside town where I interviewed an old man, another outspoken UNO supporter, lying in pain on a makeshift bed. He said the Sandinista Police had surrounded the house in September and opened fire, paralyzing him for life and wounding his 12-year-old grandson. The police chief admitted that his men had been responsible but said the old man had been caught in the act of robbery. Inside his own home? I asked. Yes, said the policeman, sheepishly, inside his own home.

This, then, is Violeta Chamorro's Nicaragua. For a good many people the democratic revolution is a betrayal. To be fair, it is not equally bad everywhere. After an uprising last fall in the UNO strongholds of Chontales and Baasco (in which the government deployed armored vehicles and gunships against the UNO militants), some towns have dismantled the Sandinista Police and created their own police force out of ex-Contras. And the anonymity of the big cities like Managua and León gives protection. But by and large the State Security, theoretically abolished, has simply changed uniform and resurfaced as police.

There is little that the Contras can do about this. Undefeated in the field, they gave up their arms and their military structures because they were naïve enough to think that, having won the elections, their side was now in power. They are without a leader. The Contra high command has been bought off, the characteristic method of Mrs. Chamorro's government. "Comandante Ruben," for instance, a militant critic of Chamorro-Sandinismo (as it is now called), suddenly went silent six months ago and stopped talking to his old friends. When I was taken to see his house I could understand why. It is a very large villa, Beverly Hills style and he has five—five!—top-of-the-line Japanese luxury jeeps at the disposal of his family. Meanwhile, the 1,500 Contra war disabled, who were promised pensions equal to Sandinista war disabled as part of the peace accords, have received nothing.

Enrique Bermúdez refused to sell out. Commander-in-chief of the Contras throughout the war, he was finally pushed aside in December 1989 by the U.S. State Department, apparently for the sake of image. It was a grave mistake. He had insisted on

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total simultaneous disarmament of both sides instead of the disarmament of only one side, which is what finally occurred. It is no surprise that the bitter, disenchanted base of the Contras turned to him as the betrayal sank in. He visited them all over Nicaragua, listening to them in his quiet shy manner, and was on the point of reconstituting the movement when he was assassinated in the car park of the Managua Intercontinental.

Back to the Hills?

THERE IS much quixotic talk of returning to the hills to renew the fight. Some units have already regrouped in Jinotega province and are capturing arms from the Sandinistas, said "Comandante Johnson," a Contra loyalist, as we sat outside his hut in what used to be a Cuban training compound. "But it's not the way to go; it's doomed," he said.

The battle is political now, and the undisputed leader of the opposition is the vice president, Virgilio Godoy. He is a caustic man, but honest. As labor minister in the original Sandinista cabinet he was one of the very few senior officials who did not move into a mansion seized from the deposed Somocistas. He stayed in his modest little home, and his circumstances have not changed much now that he is vice president of Nicaragua. The government pays him a small salary, that of a mid-ranking official. It has refused him an office, a telephone, a car, a bodyguard, or any expenses of any kind. "I've asked to be invited to the cabinet, but a year later they haven't invited me once," he said as we sat in a cramped, sweltering room at the offices of his Independent Liberal Party. Sometimes he manages to attend government functions, if he finds out in time through the newspapers. All three newspapers, as it happens, are now edited by members of the Chamorro family—a son, a daughter, and a brother-in-law—so Godoy has no way of defending himself in print.

The shabby treatment of Dr. Godoy does not reflect well on Mrs. Chamorro. One could use stronger language. I have a notebook full of remarks that are unfit to print. But Godoy himself is reluctant to criticize the president. He blames it all on Antonio Lacayo, Mrs. Chamorro's son-in-law. Lacayo governs Nicaragua in coalition with the Sandinista high command, several of whom are his cousins. The top civil positions are filled by four families, essentially: the Barrios, the Chamorro, the Lacayo, and the César, who are all related to one another. Raúl Lacayo is President of the Central Bank; Silvia Lacayo is

MRS. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Nicaraguan flags will festoon the streets here on April 15 in honor of the state visit by Violeta Chamorro, elected president last February after a decade of Sandinista rule. Her trip comes at a critical point in relations between the U.S. and the Central American republics, as the White House maintains a freeze on promised military aid to El Salvador and worries persist that the Sandinistas have maintained effective control in Nicaragua.

Indeed, Washington's response to the two nations illustrates the mixed signals Uncle Sam continues to send to that part of the world. In El Salvador, President Alfredo Cristiani and his economic team have begun one of the most aggressive structural reforms in Latin America, designed to overcome ten years of state control of the economy and nearly $2 billion in infrastructure damage done by the Marxist insurgency. These reforms have seen El Salvador's gross national product grow by 3.4 per cent over last year, its inflation rate drop to the second lowest in all Latin America, and its coffee and sugar harvest double. These achievements find parallels in the political sphere, where President Cristiani is trying to reassert civilian control over the military. As Bernard Aronson, the U.S. assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, points out, "He has weeded out more human-rights abusers from the senior ranks of the military in 19 months than his well-intentioned and courageous predecessor was able to do in five years."

In Nicaragua, as Ambrose Evans-Pritchard establishes above, the Sandinistas have largely thwarted Mrs. Chamorro's plans for reform. Property rights remain arbitrary. The Sandinistas continue to provide weapons to the Marxist Salvadoran insurgents.

In anticipation of Mrs. Chamorro's visit here, the Association of Nicaraguan–American Bankers and Businessmen sent a letter to Congress complaining that the "Chamorro–Sandinista symbiosis" has "brought corruption, extortion, and fraud to new heights." The Chamorro trip was also preceded by a *Washington Times* article accusing her defense minister, General Humberto Ortega, of ordering the assassination of former Contra leader Enrique Bermúdez. Just four days before President Chamorro arrives, Mrs. Bermúdez will be testifying before the Organization of American States. She is expected to complain about a doctored autopsy of her husband's body, again pointing to Sandinista involvement in his murder. All in all, Daniel Ortega appears to be making good on his vow to "continue to rule from below."

In this light the pomp and circumstance accorded Mrs. Chamorro by the Bush Administration—which continues to ignore President Cristiani—puzzles many of America's best friends in the region. A Salvadoran embassy official concedes that the White House's failure to accord his president the honors it is now giving Mrs. Chamorro "may limit his leverage with the extreme Left as well as the extreme Right" back home in El Salvador. Ditto with Mrs. Chamorro's vice president, Virgilio Godoy, who needs to be treated with similar respect on his own visit to Washington later in April if he is to continue to stand up to the Sandinistas. Before we can help our friends in Central America, we have to start making it clear who they really are.

—ROXANA CHAHIN

Miss Chahin is director of Latin American Affairs for the International Freedom Foundation in Washington, D.C.

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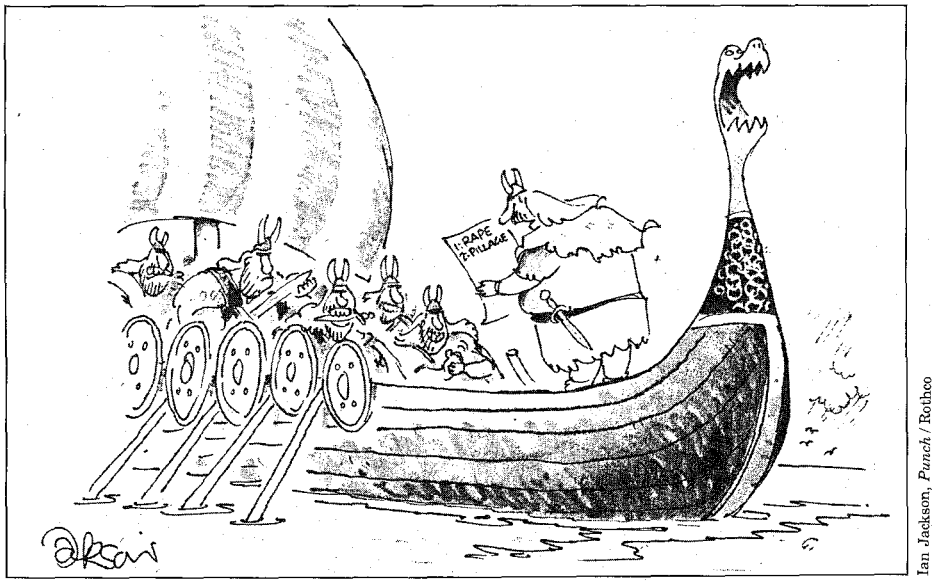
treasurer general; etc.; etc. Antonio Lacayo says they happen to be the best people for the job. Possibly. However, it is a telling fact that the overwhelming majority of the cabinet did not vote in the historic elections last year. They did not vote because they were not in the country. They were not in the country because they did not participate in the grueling civil struggle against the Sandinistas. They are *paracaidistas* (parachutists) who flew in with the Chamorro dynasty. It is almost as if those who kept pluralism alive in Nicaragua, the trade-union and opposition leaders who were imprisoned time and again, threatened, and beaten, have been systematically excluded.

Beneath the level of dignitaries and diplomatic sinecures, the personnel of government continues to be Sandinista. The majority of the Supreme Court is Sandinista, a bad joke that American conservatives will appreciate. President Chamorro has the constitutional power to increase the number of judges and pack the court, but she has chosen not to do so for the sake of harmony. The result is that virtually all district and local judges are Sandinistas, in many cases party militants without legal training. The banking system is still run by the state and staffed by Sandinistas, so credit is still being steered to friends of the Front. The patronage of the huge state is still being used to reward local supporters of the Front. To be a UNO activist is often to be blackballed from state employment.

Mrs. Chamorro has not reaped a very good return on her investment in reconciliation. I had trouble flying into the country because the airport staff was on strike. When I arrived the banks were on strike. Twice last year the Sandinista-controlled labor unions paralyzed the country in what amounted to general strikes, and when they couldn't keep the workers from breaking ranks they closed down the transport system to stop them from getting to work. (In Ortega's time strikes were illegal.) Typically, when Antonio Lacayo finally struck a deal with the Sandinista unions, the independent unions friendly to UNO were not invited to the negotiations.

No plan has been put forward for the privatization of the Leviathan state. Few of the confiscated farms and businesses have been returned to their owners. There are exceptions. One of them is Kikatex, a large clothing factory. The owner happens to be named Manuel Lacayo. Others have had experiences like the Prego family, owners of the Juboneria Prego soap factory. A government commission (now dissolved) ordered the restitution of the factory. The majority of the workers also wanted it returned to the Prego family, and they have withdrawn from the Sandinista union. But in Nicaragua this is not enough. When I went to visit the plant in Granada it was still flying the red and black flag of the Sandinista Front. The hard core, the ones who enjoyed the most privileges under the state management, had occupied the factory and recruited a new force of Sandinista militants to replace the original workers. "We'll destroy the place rather than give it up," said the union leader, in his air-conditioned office. "There'll be nothing left for anybody."



Ian Jackson, *Punch* / Rothco

"Just so none of you are in any doubt, let's run through the war aims once more from the top . . ."

Choking the Private Sector

IT IS no surprise that the economic recovery has been, well, sluggish. Inflation was 13,500 per cent last year. Real GNP shrank by a further 5 per cent. Real per-capita income has fallen below that of Haiti, and is likely to stay there. The latest austerity plan consists of an extremely tight monetary policy that is choking off what remains of the private sector, while the vast hypertrophic bureaucracy, the root cause of "stagflation," is to be left intact. The budget deficit is to be closed by legerdemain in the form of wage cuts of state employees. Somehow, the plan supposes that the wages won't be forced up again by political pressure. Nobody will be fired, least of all the Sandinista agitators on the state payroll. Instead, the American Embassy is funding a $20-million project for voluntary retirement. "Nobody takes it seriously," says Vice President Godoy.

Antonio Lacayo has pledged that if the plan fails he will resign. It is therefore hard to see how he will hold onto power. The question is where Mrs. Chamorro will turn when that moment comes (and I'll predict July, just for the record). The Sandinista Front is not benefiting much from the widespread disenchantment with Mrs. Chamorro. Despite huge advantages—chiefly control of state patronage without commensurate responsibility for the failure of government policies—the Sandinistas are irretrievably discredited. The suicidal *coup de grâce* was the *piñata*, the fabulous looting of Nicaragua in the weeks after the election last year. Cars, trucks, telephones, typewriters, chairs, anything movable, was simply stolen, while the Sandinista judiciary worked overtime providing the faithful with retroactive legal title to thousands of confiscated houses and farms. The result was to add the word THIEF in bold letters to the unflattering epitaph on the tomb of Sandinismo.

It is possible that Mrs. Chamorro will allow herself to be pulled yet further into the Ortega camp and at some

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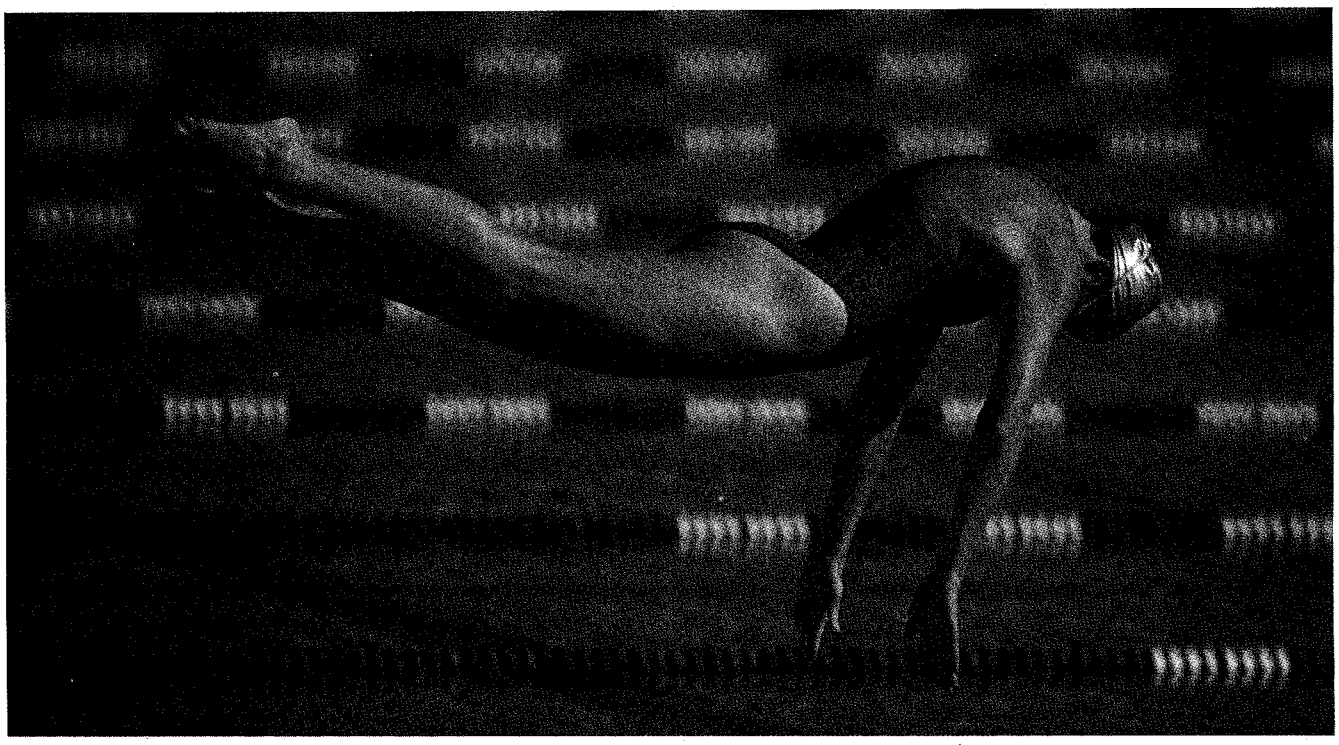

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point fold her government into the moderate wing of the Sandinista Front. However, it is more likely that she will have to turn to her neglected base: Virgilio Godoy, UNO, the coalition of parties that got her elected. She will do so from a weakened position, having lost the momentum that was behind her a year ago. There are those who say that she has done the best she could under the circumstances. The draft has been abolished; the army has been reduced from ninety thousand to about thirty thousand (still three times the size of Somoza's peacetime National Guard); there is freedom to import and export; etc. These are real changes, but they do not match the stunning mandate Mrs. Chamorro received from the people of Nicaragua. That mandate was to free the country from Sandinismo. Nicaragua has not been freed.

The Bush Administration is preparing a heroine's welcome for Mrs. Chamorro when she comes to Washington next week. We may hope there will not be too much champagne and bonhomie, for she needs to be warned that the American taxpayer does not favor large subsidies to a family clique that governs in secret condominium with an anti-American fascist organization, the Sandinista Front. □

FOOLED BY A FOLIO

BARD THOU NEVER WERT

JOSEPH SOBRAN

THE "William Shakespeare" we know is both fact and artifact, a composition of nineteenth-century scholarship and sentiment. No serious biography of him was undertaken until nearly two hundred years after his death, when Shakespeare studies became a heavy industry, inseparable from Bardolatry.

But the biographers never really caught their man. The portrait that emerged from research was unsatisfying. Maybe it was just the skimpiness of the records, but nothing in the new data reflected a literary life or personality—just a businessman.

Inevitably, skepticism arose. Was Shakespeare even the author of "Shakespeare's" plays? Was he perhaps a front man for the real author? The facts could bear that hypothesis. But then who *was* the real author?

Francis Bacon? That was the most popular alternative to the Stratfordian orthodoxy. But the Baconian theory was tin-eared and cranky. Sensitive skeptics, such as Henry James, Walt Whitman, and Mark Twain, found Bacon and Shakespeare equally unbelievable.

The furious authorship controversy had finally died down by 1920, with the Stratfordians holding the academic high ground, when an English schoolmaster named John Thomas Looney hit upon the most plausible candidate to displace Shakespeare, for those who still cared to: Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford (1550–1604). More recently, Oxford's case has been upheld by Charlton Ogburn Jr., who has propelled the long-dormant authorship question onto prime-time TV and before a panel of U.S. Supreme Court Justices. Even professional Shakespeareans have begun to treat the issue with a certain respect.

The Oxfordians are still a long way from prevailing, but their fortunes have improved vastly since the nadir of 1943, when their chief spokesman, Percy Allen, went flaky on them in his old age and nearly demolished the cause for all time: he published a book transcribing his conversations with Oxford, Shakespeare, and Bacon at a series of seances. Literati hooted.

At any rate, Shakespeare is the only great author whose claim to his masterpieces has ever been seriously disputed. Nobody who knows the facts of Milton's life, for example, can doubt that he wrote *Paradise Lost*. But Shakespeare is a wraith. His name appears on some early quarto editions of the plays and poems, and the great Folio of 1623 testifies to his authorship. But what if these were deliberate deceptions? The works bearing his name lack the internal evidence of the little personal touches, details, and associations that usually connect an author with his work, whether or not he is conscious of them.

Shakespeare's life, as conventionally told, is full of strange silences at nearly every point when we would expect to hear from him. He never replies to public attacks and needlings. He never acknowledges public praise or reciprocates it. He writes no eulogies for Spenser, Queen Elizabeth, Prince Henry, or other distinguished contemporaries who predecease him. He apparently doesn't complain when his plays are pirated, or even when his name is put on published plays he obviously didn't write. He doesn't write the dedication to his own Sonnets; someone else supplies the prefatory epistle to *Troilus and Cressida*. He vanishes from the London records for eight years after 1604, when he should have been at the height of his fame in the city. No friend, acquaintance, or hanger-on has recorded a single bon mot, remark, or opinion from his lips, not even in the First Folio, where he seems to be remembered fondly. (Legends of his roistering with Ben Jonson at the Mermaid arose much later.) Outside his published works, he says nothing; and this taciturnity is strongly at odds with the impression the works themselves leave, of a ready wit and irrepressibly generous eloquence.

Even stranger is London's silence at his death. Only a month earlier, young Francis Beaumont had died, receiving the tribute of verses by his fellow poets and burial in Westminster Abbey. Yet when Shakespeare died in April 1616 *there is not one syllable of recorded reaction*.

Why not? His plays were performed constantly; his name was commercially valuable; seven years later his collected works would be published in a volume of unprecedented opulence, with panegyrics likening him to Aeschylus and Sophocles. If he was known

Mr. Sobran, NR's Critic-at-Large, is a syndicated columnist.

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to be the real author of the works bearing his name, it's unthinkable that his death should fail to occasion an outpouring of praise and grief. Instead—no mention.

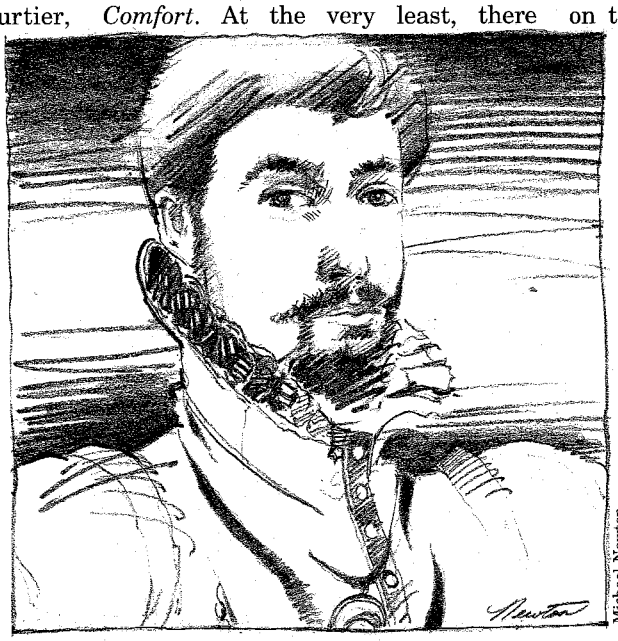
Conventional scholarship has tried to ignore such puzzles. Shakespeare "biographies" parlay a handful of business and legal records into four-hundred-page guesses, straining to connect the life with the plays and poems. They always founder on the profound inconsistency between the voluble genius we encounter in the works and the tight-lipped burgher we find in the records. The two can't be unified.

And Oxford? A renowned courtier, athlete, poet, playwright, and patron. No plays have survived with his name on them, but Francis Meres (1598) lists him "among the best for comedy," and George Puttenham (1589) tells us Oxford would have been even more famous if he had written under his own name.

Oxford's path crosses "Shakespeare's" in numerous ways. Dozens of incidents in the plays seem to echo incidents in his turbulent life: the Gad's Hill robbery, the Montague–Capulet feud, the stabbing of Polonius, incarcerations in the Tower of London, Timon's bankruptcy, Hamlet's capture by pirates in the Channel, and many others.

As a young man, Oxford visited Europe for over a year, spending much of his time in Venice and other northern Italian cities where so many of the plays are set. This could explain "Shakespeare's" seeming familiarity with actual sites in Venice. The name of Kate the Shrew's father, Baptista Minola, seems to conflate the names of two Italians Oxford did business with, Baptista Nigrone and Pasquino Spinola. Contrary to many a footnote to *The Winter's Tale*, the painter Giulio Romano *was* a sculptor as well; Oxford would be more likely to know this than Shakespeare.

It's common knowledge that "Shakespeare" drew heavily on the classical and Biblical translations of Arthur Golding. As it happens, Golding was the uncle and tutor of the precocious boy Edward de Vere and dedicated a book to him. The great Lord Burghley, Oxford's father-in-law, strikingly resembles Polonius in his inveterate scheming, spying, and garrulous moralizing. The early Sonnets urging the young man to marry are usually thought to have been addressed to the Earl of Southampton; at the probable time of their composition, the early 1590s, Southampton was engaged to Oxford's daughter Elizabeth—a match he backed out of. The Folio is dedicated to the Herbert brothers, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, both close friends of Oxford; Montgomery was Oxford's son-in-law. Oxford also wrote prefaces to two books whose influence is visible in *Hamlet*, Castiglione's *The Courtier* and Thomas Bedingfield's translation of *Cardanus Comfort*. At the very least, there seems to be some mysterious link between Oxford and "Shakespeare."


Michael Newton

Consider the Sonnets. Shakespeare biographers have never been able to integrate them convincingly into Shakespeare's life; they never seem to touch the known facts. But they make much more sense as a guarded revelation of Oxford's life. The sonneteer continually refers to his age, lameness, lost friends, and impending death; he jokes that he lies to his mistress about his age. Shakespeare would have been, by conventional dating, about thirty; Oxford was 14 years older. The latest of the Sonnets is usually assigned to 1603, the year before Oxford's death. And why were the Sonnets published (in 1609) with an obscure dedication, not by the poet, but by the publisher, who seems to take it upon himself to dedicate the book on the poet's behalf? And why is the poet referred to as "ever-living"—the sort of phrase you use of a man who is already dead? Shakespeare was 45 and going strong, by all indications; Oxford had been dead for five years. (A 1607 tribute to "Shakespeare," by one William Barkstead, speaks of him in the past tense: "His song was worthy merit." It's also interesting that the so-called "apocryphal" plays bearing Shakespeare's name—*The Puritan*, *The London Prodigal*, and others—began appearing the year after Oxford died.)

The preface to the 1609 quarto of *Troilus and Cressida* is similarly coy and cryptic. The playwright is referred to only as "this author" (though the name "William Shakespeare" appears on the title page), and the reader is advised that "when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them"—in other words, buy them now, while you can. Again, why didn't "this author" speak for himself? Why all the mystery about this supposedly active playwright of the public theater? It seems a little presumptuous to speak of a 45-year-old man as soon to be "gone"! (I speak as a 45-year-old man.)

Conventional scholarship has never been able to answer these questions. Assume that "Shakespeare" was really Oxford, though, and it all makes sense: a dead author's identity, perhaps known to the cognoscenti but publicly unmentionable, is being dealt with delicately without being quite acknowledged.

A few difficulties remain:

—*Why should Oxford's identity have to be concealed, even years after his death?* It would have been scandalous for a great lord to be involved in the public theater. The scandal would presumably have disturbed his family (especially his powerful in-laws) more than Oxford himself.

—*Doesn't the date of* The Tempest *(which seems to echo an account of a 1609 shipwreck in Bermuda) rule out Oxford's authorship?* We don't know when *The Tempest* was written; but it could as easily recall a 1595 shipwreck in Bermuda, involving a fleet in which Oxford had once owned an interest.

—*Doesn't Robert Greene's* Groatsworth of Wit *(1592) contain an obvious personal attack on Shakespeare, the "upstart crow"?* The attack certainly alludes to either Shakespeare of Stratford or "Shakespeare" the playwright

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(whose name never appeared on a published play, by the way, until 1598). But the very obliqueness of the attack should caution us against accepting the simple conventional interpretation. There is a mystery here, as there is everywhere we expect to hear from Shakespeare in his own person.

—*Were Ben Jonson and the others lying in their Folio tributes to Shakespeare?* They were sustaining a necessary fiction. Even at that, much of what they said is evasive or demonstrably untrue. "Shakespeare" is praised only as a writer; we learn next to nothing of him as a man.

Prick Up Your Ears

ANOTHER order of evidence can be found in Oxford's surviving letters. William Plumer Fowler has made a remarkable compilation of hundreds of parallels of phrase between "Shakespeare" and Oxford. Here is a sampling. In each case, a brief quotation from Oxford's letters is followed, in parentheses, by one or two from "Shakespeare."

1. "It is my hap according to the English proverb to starve like the horse, while the grass doth grow." ("Ay, sir, but while the grass grows—the proverb is something musty.")

2. "To bury and insevill your works in the grave of oblivion." ("And deeper than oblivion do we bury . . .")

3. "To bring all my hope in her Majesty's gracious words to smoke." ("This helpless smoke of words." And: "Words folded up in smoke.")

4. "Your news . . . doth ring dolefully in the ears of every man." ("Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.")

5. "Decked with pearls and precious stones." ("Decked with diamonds and Indian stones.")

6. "To bury my hopes in the deep abyss and bottom of despair." ("In the dark backward and abysm of time." And: "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.")

7. "Conceit, which is dangerous." ("Dangerous conceits.")

8. "Thus I leave you to the protection of Almighty God." ("So I leave you to the protection of the prosperous gods.")

9. "In all kindness and kindred." ("A little more than kin, and less than kind.")

10. "In an eternal remembrance to yourself." ("Together with remembrance of ourselves.")

11. "An end according to mine expectation." ("Our expectation hath this day an end.")

12. "By these lewd fellows." ("By this lewd fellow.")

13. "But now time and truth have unmasked all difficulties." ("Time's glory is . . . to unmask falsehood and bring truth to light.")

14. "Fruits of golden promises." ("Golden promises." And: "Fruitful . . . promises.")

The ear that is intimate with "Shakespeare" may prick up at familiar tricks of phrase, syntax, and metaphor in other Oxfordisms: "Yet am I as one who has long besieged a fort, and not able to compass the end or reap the fruit of his travail . . . having passed the pikes of so many adversaries . . . knit in alliance . . . fair conditioned . . . to take advantage of any prosperous gale, or with anchor to ride till the storm be overpast . . . most earnestly to crave both your opinion and counsel . . . their nearer consanguinity . . . perverse and impudent dealing . . . inclined and affected to me . . . employed for the better achieving . . . to bear and support them with patience . . . salve so great an inconvenience . . . the best expectation of my tedious suit . . . to illuster yourself with the ornaments of virtue . . . otherwise affaired with the business of the commonwealth . . . intercepted by these unlooked-for troubles . . . being thus disfurnished and unprovided . . ."

Even so short a list offers telling and distinctive subtleties: the ready imagery (often military or maritime), the free coinages, the interchanging of parts of speech, the fondness for the gerund, the exuberant redundancies, the moral themes and attitudes, the rhythms, the intensifiers, the energetic variety, the sheer authority of expression. This isn't the voice of Spenser, or Marlowe, or Jonson, or Generic Elizabethan. It's the voice of "Shakespeare."

All this is likely to be very upsetting to anyone who cherishes Shakespeare. For to love Shakespeare is to have formed a certain mental image of the author: the genius of modest origins, the man of Stratford whose second-best bed is as much a part of his lore as "Friends, Romans, countrymen"—a dear democratic myth, really. And to be told that "he" was really some nobleman—one of the "wolfish earls," as Whitman shrewdly suspected, the spirit of whose works is "non-acceptable to democracy"—well, really! But there it is, confirmed from every angle.

How is it, we may ask, that the elusively omniscient genius of classroom legend, this nobody/Everyman of allegedly "universal sympathies," should view life so constantly from the angle of the ruling class of his day? If he's the Stratfordian commoner, it's certainly odd that nearly all his common characters are one-dimensional buffoons, viewed with kindly humor but no deep interest. His kings and lords, on the other hand, are highly individuated.

No Traitor to His Class

IF WE see things aright, we realize that Oxford subtly reveals himself in these plays by assuming the perspective of his class. After all, you tend to see members of your own class as individuals, and those of other classes primarily as types. Those Marxist critics who accuse Shakespeare of being a reactionary bourgeois don't know the half of it. The real "Shakespeare" displays an unwaveringly feudal conservatism that makes Russell Kirk look like Robespierre. If the common people amuse him as individuals, they horrify him as a mob. But by no means does he hate them; he simply doesn't feel that strongly about them.

Consider Dogberry, the officious, malaprop-prone magistrate who blunderingly catches the villains in *Much Ado*. Oxford-"Shakespeare" views this fool indulgently, as a harmless prop of social order. Contrast Mr. Bumble—exactly the same social type, except that Dickens hates him. The difference is that Dickens had been at his mercy, and knew what a maddening petty tyrant he could be; an experience Oxford's high birth had spared him.

For some reason, Oxford seems to have withdrawn from Elizabeth's court, where he had known both glory and disgrace, and spent his later years happily slumming in the popular theater. His plays are full of lords who leave the court, either to adopt a simpler life or to assume humble disguises. And it was in the theater that Oxford obscured his own lordship, and achieved his majesty. □

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Fossils and Fallacies

DOUG BANDOW

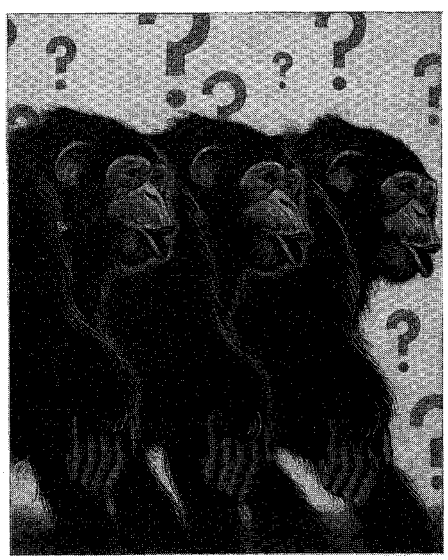
PHILLIP JOHNSON has written a provocative book, but you aren't likely to see it reviewed in the *Washington Post* or *The New York Review of Books*. For Johnson, a law professor at the University of California at Berkeley, has taken on perhaps the most bloated of sacred cows: evolution. The very cogency of his arguments ensures that the mainstream press will greet his book with silence.

The popular image of critics of evolution was forever set by the famous "monkey trial," in which Clarence Darrow defended a high-school teacher named Scopes for teaching evolution. Yet evolution raises numerous legitimate scientific questions. Johnson lacks a technical background, but he makes up for that deficiency with his ability to deconstruct poor reasoning. In fact, he writes, "what first drew my attention to the question was the way the rules of argument seemed to be structured to make it impossible to question whether what we are being told about evolution is really true."

Darwin on Trial, by Phillip Johnson (Regnery Gateway, 178 pp., $19.95)

First one must understand basic definitions. Writes Johnson: "The concept of creation in itself does not imply opposition to 'evolution,' if evolution means only a gradual process by which one kind of living creature changes into something else. A Creator might well have employed such a gradual process as a means of creation. 'Evolution' contradicts 'creation' only when it is explicitly or tacitly defined as *fully naturalistic evolution*—meaning evolution that is not directed by any purposeful intelligence." "Creationists" like Johnson, who merely believe that God created the earth, should not be confused with "creation-scientists," who hold to a literal six-day creation despite abundant contrary evidence.

Much of Johnson's work has been done by adherents of evolution, who disagree among themselves over virtually every important part of Darwin's theory. Although they close ranks against outsiders suggesting that there may be a God Who had something to do with the world, they are almost as critical of each other as Johnson is of all of them. For instance, Colin Patterson, a senior paleontologist at the British Natural History Museum, asked in 1981: "Can you tell me anything you know about evolution, any one thing . . . that is true? I tried that question on the geology staff at the Field Museum of Natural History and the only answer I got was silence." Patterson compared evolution to creationism, complaining that the adherents of neither ever explains how the processes work.



Chang Park

Patterson later backed away from his comments under fire, for dedicated evolutionists, despite all their attacks on the rigidity of religious fundamentalists, are an intolerant lot. For instance, in 1981 the British Natural History Museum created an exhibit on Darwin's theory. The museum stated that evolution was "one possible explanation" as to "why there are so many different kinds of living things"; it also noted that "the concept of evolution by natural selection is not strictly speaking scientific" because it had not been empirically demonstrated. This honest skepticism ignited a row that caused the museum to eliminate any mention of the problems with Darwinism.

Johnson, however, spends the bulk of his book detailing the many things that we either don't know about evolution or, more importantly, know aren't true. Fundamental to Darwinism is the claim that natural selection causes genetically advantaged organisms to thrive and eventually evolve into more advanced creatures. Darwin himself couldn't point to any examples of such a process, but instead argued by analogy to the breeding of plants and animals by humans. The problem with this approach, observes Johnson, is that "plant and animal breeders employ intelligence and specialized knowledge to select breeding stock and to protect their charges from natural dangers. The point of Darwin's theory, however, was to establish that purposeless natural processes can substitute for intelligent design."

The weakness of this particular argument doesn't mean that no evidence of natural selection exists. But the examples usually cited—fluctuations in the proportions of dark and light moths depending upon the darkness of trees, for instance—don't demonstrate creatures evolving into different species. Some evolution activists don't seem too concerned about finding evidence, however; they merely treat evolution as a tautology. "Those individuals that have the most offspring are by definition . . . the fittest ones," wrote Ernst Mayr in 1963.

Another theoretical problem is how a series of small steps over enormous time periods created wings, lungs, eyes, and other highly complicated organs that require a host of related parts to operate. "What we have to imagine is a chance mutation that provides this complex capacity all at once,

Mr. Bandow is author of The Politics of Plunder: Misgovernment in Washington *(Transaction).*

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at a level of utility sufficient to give the creature an advantage in producing offspring," writes Johnson. Yet even where creatures such as the nautilus have existed for millions of years, we see no evidence of improvement.

Here, again, arguments among Darwinists and neo-Darwinists have become acrimonious. For instance, supporters of evolution believe that macro-mutations, or large-scale jumps, are responsible for the most complex changes. But that position repudiates Darwin himself and has been ridiculed by believers in micro-evolution. The latter have also poured scorn on mathematicians who argue that there has not been enough time for the many small changes necessary to create sophisticated organs such as an eye. Where evidence is lacking, evolutionists simply restate their theory as fact. Johnson again quotes Mayr: "Somehow or other by adjusting these [the mathematicians'] figures we will come out all right. We are comforted by the fact that evolution has occurred."

Yet there is no fossil record of the constant progression in creatures that would prove evolution to be true. Indeed, observes Johnson, "most people are unaware that Darwin's most formidable opponents were not clergymen, but fossil experts." When talking among themselves, as opposed to the general public, evolutionists admit there is no evidence of intermediate creatures. Darwinists have been particularly hard put to explain whence came the profusion of creatures in the so-called Cambrian explosion around six hundred million years ago; complains one scientist, "It is as though they were just planted there, without any evolutionary history."

Biochemistry provides no better evidence of evolution. Yet the theory continues to masquerade as fact. "If there are so many problems with Darwinism," asks Johnson, "and no satisfactory alternative within the framework of evolution, why not re-evaluate the framework?" Because evolution—that is, fully naturalistic evolution—has become a secular religion. To question it is to be either a fundamentalist crack-pot or a naïve ignoramus.

But Johnson dispassionately exposes the pretenses of science's high priests, and he does so in the name of truth, not dogma. "Falsification is not a defeat for science, but a liberation," he concludes. "It removes the dead weight of prejudice, and thereby frees us to look for the truth." And such a search would benefit all of us, believers and atheists alike. □

Traditional Revolutionaries

M. E. BRADFORD

FOR THE past 25 years Harvard's Bernard Bailyn has been our most influential historian of the American Revolution. Before his *Ideological Origins of the American Revolution* (1967) and his subsequent *Origins of American Politics*, there had been persuasive explanations of these American beginnings which emphasized economic and institutional factors or constitutional disputes between England and her colonies. But all such constructions, as Bailyn has properly pointed out, neglect the explosion of theorizing about government and political organization that swept the English-speaking world in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—a plethora reflected in the voluminous pamphlet literature generated on these shores and in the passionate declamations of American orators who pushed their more cautious neighbors toward revolution.

Faces of Revolution: Personalities and Themes in the Struggle for American Independence, by Bernard Bailyn (Knopf, 296 pp., $29.95)

Now that the work of accounting for this intellectual impetus has been accomplished, Bailyn has collected some of his earlier occasional writings, along with more recent reflections on what are from him familiar themes, including fine portraits of singular American revolutionaries and a group of overviews concerning thematic ways of reading the Revolution. These explanations he links to the next section of our history, the era which produced and ratified the Constitution and thus set an American government into motion.

The portraits are mostly of New Englanders, three of them members of the clergy, but they also include Jefferson the Virginian and Thomas Paine, who was never more than an influential visitor to these shores. There is not much about the South, but Bailyn writes superbly about New England revolutionaries, New England Loyalists, and root-and-branch radicals from all over.

However, the best of the portraits concerns the subject of his most ambitious book, Governor Thomas Hutchinson of Massachusetts. Regarding that prudent, pious, and determined Tory, Bailyn offers useful observations touching the psychology of revolution, and those who cannot understand that fiery spirit. The meaning of any division like the one that separated British North America from the mother country comes

Len Leone Jr.

not only from its fervent champions but also from its reluctant supporters and its outright opponents: from men who joined in the upheaval in order to shape and direct it, to keep it under control.

The first of these essays in synthesis is about the great year itself as a watershed, "1776 in Britain and America: A Year of Challenge—A World Transformed." By going over a list of books and pamphlets from this *annus mirabilis*, and combining it with a straightforward description of events in Britain at the time, Bailyn is able to suggest that what occurred in our

Mr. Bradford is a professor of history at the University of Dallas.

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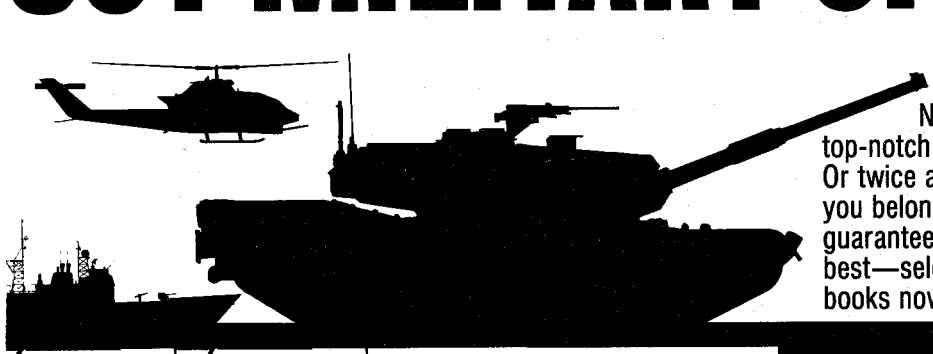

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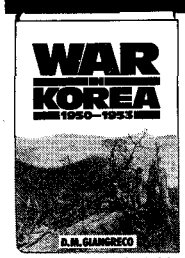

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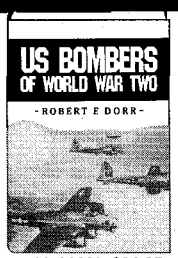

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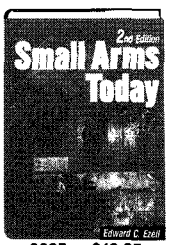

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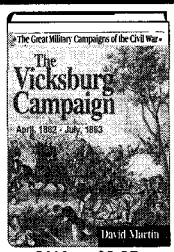

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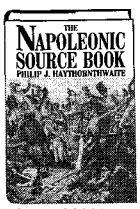

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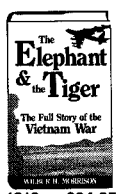

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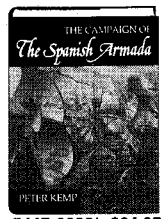

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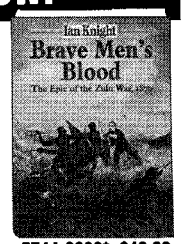

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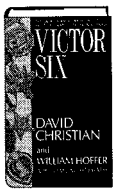

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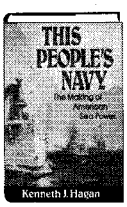

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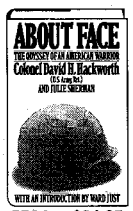
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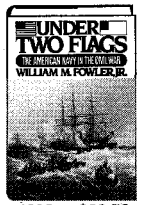

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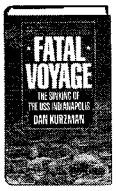

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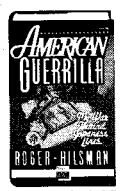

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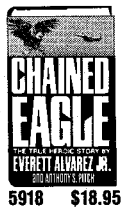

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Revolution was simply a dramatic rendering of a larger change throughout the British world. Thomas Paine and Edward Gibbon, Richard Price and John Cartwright, Adam Smith and Jeremy Bentham *did* disturb the foundations, although those foundations were under stress before these savants appeared in print.

The next two essays concern the relation of ideas to the social and political circumstances which gave them currency in the American struggle for independence: the rapid growth of population and commerce; the hunger for open land that swept over Europe; and the evolution of religious diversity. "The Central Themes of the American Revolution" persuades us that our "Revolution is an event whose meaning cannot be confined to the past," since "what we make of the history of our own national origins helps to define us for the ages," and forces us to identify the kind of politics we prefer for the Republic as we have come to know it. All of this postulation is well argued, as is Bailyn's conclusion regarding the nation-making conflict: that the Revolution issued from an "integrated set of values, beliefs, attitudes, and responses that had evolved through a century and a half of Anglo-American history" and gathered in the heart of our collective personality until it emerged in a determined will to govern ourselves. "Political Experience and Radical Ideas in Eighteenth Century America" is equally useful in seeing the radical thought of those times as an after-the-fact justification of a revolutionary disposition already a part of our practice into something larger: a language for "lifting consciousness," and for "endowing with high moral purpose . . . elements of change." Thus radicalism is more the apologia for our Revolution than its primary intellectual cause.

But this volume's final essay is less satisfactory. Moreover, its shortcomings are so serious as to alter my generally favorable opinion of the book. The subject is the continuity linking the Declaration of Independence with the Constitution. Unfortunately, Bailyn's version of that continuity is

RIGHT BOOKS

■ REICHS AND WRONGS. Perhaps the last thing one wants to read about just now is another German "crisis of identity," one of those tortured national monologues in which our Teutonic friends wrestle with their guilt, their lingering grievances, their burdensome sense of destiny, etc., etc. Prosperous, admired, reunited at last—mightn't the great German nation finally put its tragedies, crimes, and age-old quarrels firmly in the past, and quietly tend to its own affairs?

Alas, not a likely prospect, as we're reminded by Amity Shlaes's *Germany: The Empire Within* (Farrar, Straus, 263 pp., $19.95), one of four or five recent books on Germany's latest "awakening." A sleepy, self-content Deutschland is about as easy to imagine as a suddenly restless Denmark sweeping south to seize half of Europe, or brooding darkly over "the Danish Question." If anything can be predicted of the next European crisis or upheaval, it is that the Germans will be right at the center.

"Events outside Germany," writes Miss Shlaes, chiefly "the disintegration of the Soviet empire, are forcing Germans awake," reviving the old disputes, enmities, and yearnings that survive in a fragmented "Empire Within." This was inevitable, and yet some of the ancient yearnings she describes seem particularly strange to the outsider. So we read of Russians and Pole's of German descent making for their restored Fatherland by the hundreds of thousands, sure the German government will honor its "blood commitment" to receive and situate them—which it does, at great cost. Many are generations removed from the Fatherland and know hardly a word of German upon their arrival "home." "In Germany," writes Miss Shlaes, "blood is what counts."

Germany: The Empire Within consists of profiles, all written with a perceptive and understated touch, of individual Germans whom Miss Shlaes has encountered as a European correspondent for the *Wall Street Journal*. For all of them the great task at hand, her subjects agree, is to "match those dream Germanys to the new, real one." Of course a dread of their own past is the big obstacle, she writes, for "how can Germans build what seems to be a new, empire-sized Deutschland when the last empire they built was Hitler's Third Reich?"

One would have liked to hear at least a few of Miss Shlaes's subjects dismiss the notion of "empire" altogether—envisioning, instead of some vast new German undertaking, a solid, secure, well governed nation more or less like its Western allies. For Germans, surely the relevant moral question today is not, "What sort of Reich shall we build now that we're rejoined?" but rather, "Have we not had *enough* experience with the whole business of Reichs and empires?"

As it is, though, just about everybody interviewed expresses some familiar old grudge, if not ethnic in nature then ideological or nationalistic—like the Sudeten and Silesian Germans who speak of their nation's proper, "pre-1937 boundaries." We all know how those boundaries came to be changed, and how painfully felt those wrongs must still be. But even on the most sympathetic hearing, how urgent do such grievances seem among the continent's ills? Miss Shlaes interviewed Prince Otto von Habsburg himself, now a member of the European Parliament, and even he hinted at a new German–Austrian empire in the offing, though to be sure "not yet." "These people talk about *Heimat*," one young German told Miss Shlaes. "But to me, home is where you live." Not the most ethnically sensitive observation, perhaps, or the most geopolitically ambitious outlook—but does the fellow not have a point?

All these places and people are described with the skill and wit familiar to readers of Miss Shlaes's features in the *Journal*. As a detached observer of European types and men generally, neither she nor anyone else rivals the late Luigi Barzini, who in writing his 1983 classic *The Europeans* searched and searched for a chapter title to capture the defining German trait, the one constant in the national psyche, and finally hit upon "The Mutable Germans." But Miss Shlaes brings her own strengths. Not the least of them is a judicious yet good-natured, chipper tone that somehow manages to brighten this otherwise dreary talk of "dream Germanys," "empires," "blood commitments," and "Fourth Reichs."

—MATTHEW SCULLY

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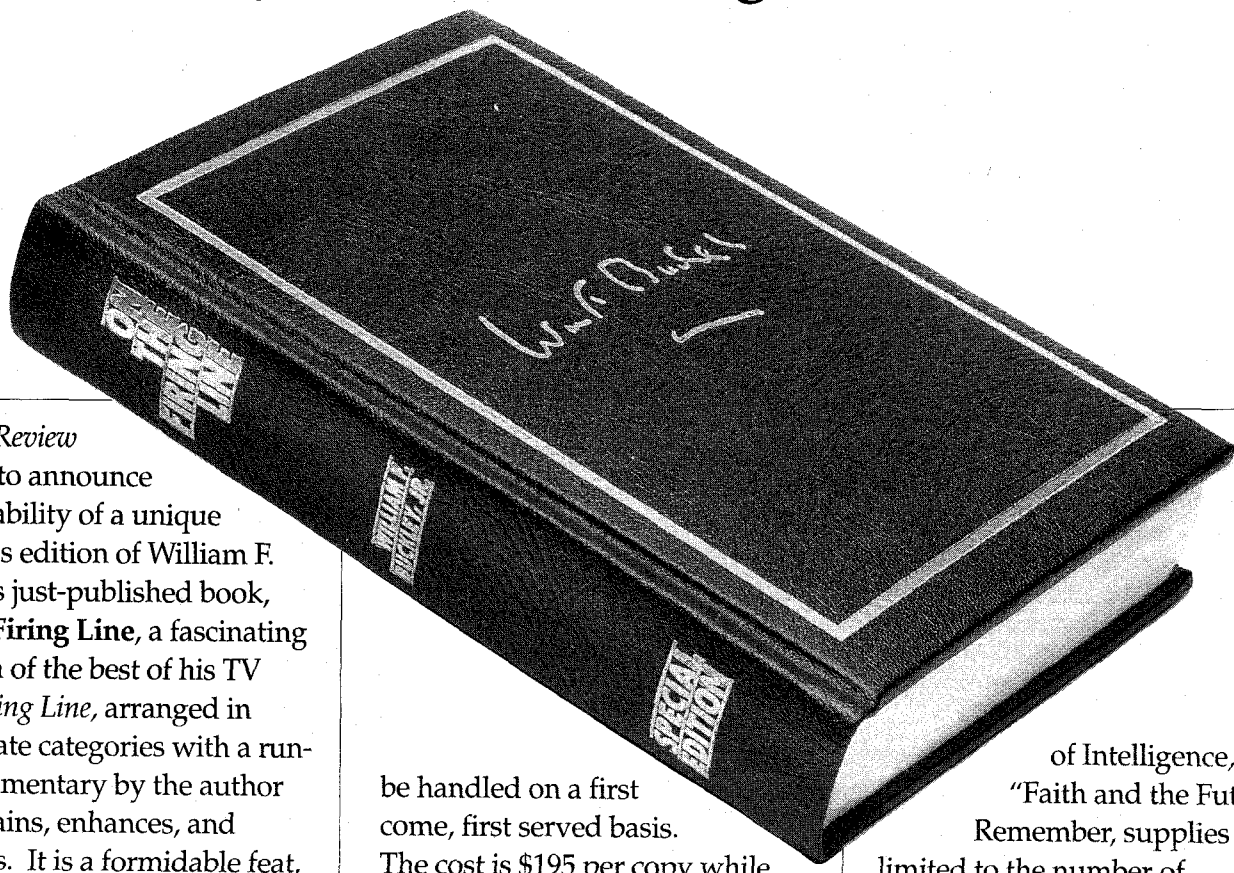

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drawn from the radical/abolitionist tradition of American jurisprudence, from the Whig myth of our nation's history as a progressive continuum, and not from any historiography which rests on persuasive contemporary evidence. As Daniel Boorstin has observed, "We have repeated that 'all men are created equal' without daring to discover what it meant [in 1776] and without realizing that probably to none of the men who spoke it did it mean what we would like it to mean . . ."—vast internal transformations within the rebellious colonies, social justice, and freedom for the slaves.

Such criticism notwithstanding, Bernard Bailyn is instructive even at his most doctrinaire and simplistic. He shows where the fault lines are to be found in our culture. His "Commentary on the Constitution" as a "fulfillment" of the Revolution rests in part on this anachronistic error (the promissory note), but depends equally upon a neglected truth: that the Anti-Federalists were the legitimate heirs of 1776; that their "fear of a conspiracy against the fragile structure of freedom" was the same "fear that had lain at the heart of the resistance movement before 1776." But if Federalism is a rejection of the "Spirit of '76," why was it adopted in 1787–88 when the Constitution was ratified? Bailyn answers that Americans were argued out of their habitual distrust and amused by talk of the "good intentions" of public men, and by their own hope for a government of "noble purposes." Gullibility in other words. It is as good an explanation as any other we can devise. What signifies is the consequence of such sanguine confidence as we continue to repeat the same choices on the same grounds after two hundred years of experience with an ever-growing federal power. □

Antique Virtues

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THIS BIOGRAPHY of George Washington is not the best. Still less is it the most historically significant (that honor probably belongs to Parson Weems's). It was never even finished. But part of it was published, anonymously, in 1789; it had the sanction of its subject, who let the author live in his house and wrote several hundred words of notes and revisions to the text. It's the closest thing we have to an eighteenth-century *Why Not the Best?*

David Humphreys was a Connecticut Yankee (Yale class of 1774), who volunteered for the militia the year of independence. He rose through the ranks, becoming aide-de-camp successively to Israel Putnam, Nathanael Greene, and finally Washington. Humphreys became close enough to his commander to be invited to live at Mount Vernon for a year and a half, from 1787 to 1789, and to discuss with him the question of whether or not he should become the first President.

David Humphreys's "Life of General Washington," edited by Rosemarie Zagarri (University of Georgia Press, 216 pp., $24.95)

Humphreys began the project with high aspirations. "Here is a noble work before me," he wrote in a letter to a brother. But the task languished. When the bulk of it appeared in a kind of yearbook in 1789, it was essentially a long sketch. Humphreys went on to diplomatic missions in Europe, to writing poems no one now reads, and to manufacturing wool in Boston. He died in 1807.

The only material related to the biography that has been in print during the last two hundred years has been the "Remarks" Washington sent to Humphreys. Washington "earnestly requested" that they be returned, or "committed to the flames." Fortunately Humphreys disobeyed, and they first saw light in 1893. They give an informal tone to Washington's life, different from that imparted by the Monument or the quarters. In a battle during the French and Indian Wars,

> the Enemy advanced with Shouts, & dismal Indian yells to our Intrenchments, but was opposed by so warm, spirited & constant a fire, that to force the works in *that way* was abandoned by them. They then, from every little rising tree—stump—stone—and bush kept up a constant galding fire upon us, which was returned in the best manner we could till late in the afternoon when their fell the most tremendous rain that can be conceived—filled our trenches with water—wet, not only the ammunition in the Cartooch boxes and firelocks, but that which was in a small temporary stockade in the middle of the Intrenchment called Fort Necessity. . . .

Here is a night piece.

> The shocking scenes which presented themselves in this Nights march are not to be described—The dead—the dying—groans—lamentations. . . . —The gloom & horror of which was not a little encreased by the impervious darkness occasioned by the close shade of thick woods which in places rendered it impossible for the two guides which attended to know when they were in, or out of the track but by groping the ground with their hands.

Here and there we see, if not the man behind the mask of republican virtue, at least the desire of the man to fix the mask in place. "Whether it be necessary to mention that my time & Services were given to the public without compensation . . . you can best judge." After such a reminder, Humphreys naturally judged it necessary.

Although Humphreys's contributions to his own project are less valuable in every way, they are not without interest. "Almost every branch" of the Washington family, Humphreys tells us straight off, "still possesses a considerable portion of property." No log-cabin myths for him. We learn that the general broke his fast at seven o'clock, on "three small Indian Hoe-

Mr. Brookhiser is an NR *senior editor and a columnist for the* New York Observer.

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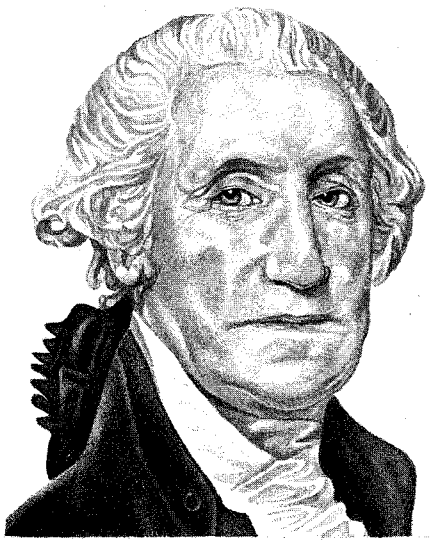

Bonnie T. Gardner

cakes, & as many dishes of tea," and that he "perfectly relishe[d] a pleasant story" (or does that adverb protest too much?). We learn, more interestingly, that during all the months when he told Humphreys that he did not want the Presidency, and that he might even refuse it if offered, he kept his finger on the nation's pulse through the Alexandria post office, "from whence he never failed to receive letters & News-Papers from many parts of the U.S."

Were Washington's demurrals sincere? His contemporaries probably had as little idea as we do. Washington may well have hesitated in public, as Garry Wills has argued, from a conviction that only reluctant heroes can assume power justly. But one moment in Humphreys persuades me that the doubts were real, even as it shows why Washington overcame them. Sick in bed in New York shortly after his election, he told Humphreys he was "perfectly indifferent" whether or not he got up again. "If, Sir, it is indifferent to you," Humphreys answered, "it is far from being so to your friends and your Country."

At times, the quaintness of the *Life of General Washington* reminds one of a remark of G. K. Chesterton's, that the virtues of the Founders were too antique and too small-scale to survive in such a large country. If that is true, then it is ironic that Washington was foremost among those who wished America to be united, and to become enlarged. He saw virtue as necessary to that goal, not threatened by it. "If the practice of economy, industry & justice can be made prevalent," Humphreys quotes him, "we cannot fail to become a great & a happy people." Easier said. This book reminds us—what we constantly need to remember—that when Washington asked, "Why not the best?" he delivered it. □

Calling the Bluff

THOMAS MOLNAR

THE MOST genuine part of today's philosophizing is the dispute between those who would usher in a technocratic world and those who want to preserve human freedom of action. One position suggests an efficiency that would reduce the marvelously complex structure of nature, man, and the supernatural to mechanical formulas of living in programmed happiness; the other position asserts the value of spontaneity, imagination, mystery, and beauty. Just as Socrates opposed the Athenian mob-mind, so have the best thinkers of modernity, from Bergson to Heidegger, resisted the technocratic ideologue's computerized global culture. Jacques Ellul is a foremost figure in this struggle, and although *The Technological Bluff* is as subtle as a bulldozer, it may be called a final indictment. Technology is not only a potentially mortal danger, an overwhelming impoverishment of higher things, it is also fraudulent, promising one thing and delivering another.

The Technological Bluff, by Jacques Ellul, translation by Geoffrey W. Bromiley (Eerdmans, 418 pp., $24.95)

Mr. Molnar, a longtime contributor to NR, *is author of the forthcoming* Philosophical Grounds *(Peter Lang) and* The Church: Pilgrim of Centuries *(Eerdmans).*

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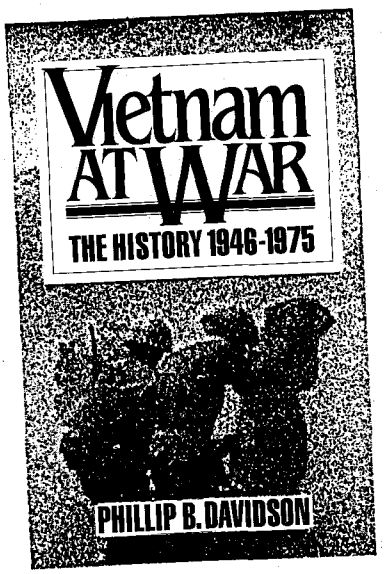

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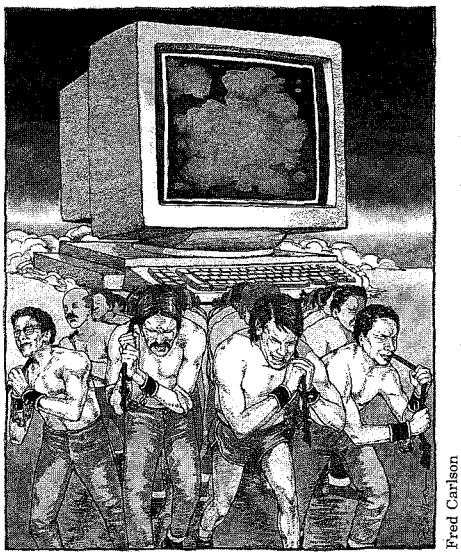
A word here about terminology: the reader may object that technology is neutral, a mere tool. But as Ellul sternly informs us in his foreword, the word that expresses that meaning is "technique": "I am not referring to technical bluff. I am not trying to show that techniques do not deliver what they promise, that technicians are bluffers. That would make no sense. I am talking about technological bluff, about the gigantic bluff in which discourse on techniques envelops us, making us believe anything and, far worse, changing our whole attitude to techniques . . ."

To the naïve, technology—the ideology of technique—offers freedom, leisure, and power, but winds up putting new chains on man and depersonalizing him in labyrinthine networks. Following close behind the beneficent surgeon who uses the laser to heal, there comes the surrogate mother, the *in vitro* baby, the biogenetic manipulator, the counselor of euthanasia. In the same way, the miracles of an industry that feeds people much more reliably and cheaply than could have been imagined a century ago (the price is paid in uniformization) are balanced by the pollution of entire regions, the Bhopals, the Sovesos, the Chernobyls, the Lake Baikals.



Fred Carlson

It is easy to call Ellul nostalgic, a thirteenth-century mind; there is no way to elude the truth of his relentlessly listed technical miscalculations on a gigantic scale (the Aswan Dam, the oil spill of Amoco Castro, the Sea of Aral) and, on the personal level, the reduction of human beings to robots. The confrontation is between man's contingency and unpredictability (big words for his created soul) and the mechanical, the calculable, the safely rigid.

The technologue's argument is that what we lose in freedom, we gain in the ability to plan: you don't want a retarded child—or perhaps a blue-eyed one—do you? So pre-program your embryo in a gender-factory, choose his features, guarantee him against infections—or excise the poetic bent. The Russian Zamyatin in the 1920s (before Huxley and Orwell) pictured a future where buildings are of glass, and males must obtain tickets (pink ones) for female visitors and the permission to draw curtains. Clouds were dismissed for their unruly shapes, and food was ingested communally, in the form of cubes.

We have just lived through, and gotten rid of, George Orwell's world, and we are currently entering, full speed, its more refined but no less dehumanized version, Zamyatin's. Everywhere it stares us in the face: technocrats provide politicians with statistics, market figures, scientific data, futurological projections. Other technocrats dictate curricula to our schools, where courses in computer science outnumber courses in the liberal arts—themselves often fraudulently computerized. Yet other technocrats manage global databanks and anonymous, transnational computer centers.

Yet, with all their expertise, Ellul observes, technologues still need an increasing amount of bluff to rule public opinion. As technology grows and conquers, the fraud also increases. We are told there are technical remedies for every evil: we shall be *freer* because more informed in our choices; there will be *peace* because computers interconnect mankind electronically; we shall all be *equal*, each able to control his own destiny.

Ellul takes pains and dozens of pages to refute this Big Lie. He shows that technical information-gathering and -disseminating mechanisms are always ahead of the available information; the effect is to confuse rather than to inform. Moreover, the distribution of information rests on the frailty of human choice and, as often as not, becomes disinformation. Anyway, what shall we do with the plethora of information? How shall we choose among the signals that overwhelm us?

In short, people in the computer age are no more equipped against life's incalculability than they used to be when rumor spread from neighbor to neighbor, from village to village. As usual, Solzhenitsyn hit the nail on the head: Grant me the freedom of being less informed!

Ellul's thesis, subject to controversy as it may be, is the same in this book as in his others. He demonstrates that new inventions and structures leave basic realities untouched. No matter how ingenious a remedial or innovative device we propose, it can not fundamentally modify the phenomena of the old system; it merely reshuffles and renames its data. For example, Ellul has argued elsewhere, industry always creates its proletariat, which may be differently labeled at different times, but remains a proletariat. There was nineteenth-century industry and its exploited class; colonialism and its hard labor, contributing to the productive system at home; modern capitalism, with its unemployed and marginals; the breathless industrialization efforts of Communist countries and their enslaved masses; and, even nowadays, the nascent industry of the

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Third World and its peasants lured from the land.

Translated into the terms of *The Technological Bluff*, the thesis suggests that the quantity of technological change says nothing about its quality. With Ivan Illich, whom the author quotes approvingly, we may cite the case of motor transportation, which, devised to speed traffic, finally slows it down through the number of automobiles on the road; or universal school attendance, which has debased the quality of learning in our schools. The simultaneous growth of quantity and quality remains the dream of the technologues. A dream or a bluff.

Why do people, to some extent its beneficiaries but mostly its victims, not rebel against Technology, the latest Big Brother? It is like asking why they did not revolt against ancient slavery, medieval feudalism, or—for seventy years—the gulag. It is not because they lack courage, but rather because people get used to the prevailing system, which penetrates sensibilities, habits, the small and bigger niches of interest—and becomes the rule of the game.

As Ellul writes, technology, like all systems, plays into the hands of the already powerful and moneyed classes, in other words the Establishment. They are the true beneficiaries, while the rest are as impotent—and *uninformed*—as were the slaves of Egypt regarding the pharaoh's building plans. The bluff of technology is precisely this: it makes the victims admire technology even while it eviscerates them psychologically and intellectually.

Yet the end of technology is inscribed in the history of all systems of rule. All systems produce ideologies and hand power—over words, symbols, or machines—to the ideologues. These in turn abuse power, take it for granted, see in it the will of history. Inevitably, they start despising and ignoring the common man, believing he is stupid and endlessly gullible. Then comes a day when over-confidence collides with refusal. Of course, while we live inside the system we cannot visualize how this may happen. Is technology not a daily benefactor? Aren't we better off with space trips, lasers, and video-cassettes than without them? Aren't you so happy, ask the Beneficent Guardians in Zamyatin's steel-and-glass utopia, that it would be foolish to put the achievements at risk?

Thus the various endeavors to remake man, the many bluffs, not only seem a success, they are also declared moral. Yet behind Rome's monumental power there stood Spartacus, and behind the haughty warrior lord of the feudal era the bourgeois entrepreneur of the first free communes. The hubris of technology too may be challenged; it is of the same nature as all previous psychologies of over-confidence. Jacques Ellul, rather pessimistically, does not explore the future; but we have seen just enough to adumbrate the rise of new races which simply will not know or care how to push buttons or repair them when stuck. □

FILM

Horror, Domestic and Imported

JOHN SIMON

BESIDES sex and violence, there is a third perennial favorite among movie genres: horror. And the horror film is particularly effective when, rather than dealing in monsters or the undead, it grafts itself onto another genre, the film noir, turning it into the thriller-chiller. Such is the current hit ***The Silence of the Lambs***, faithfully adapted by the playwright Ted Talley from Thomas Harris's best-selling novel. It has an unusual and complicated (but not overcomplicated) plot, idiosyncratic characters who interact provocatively, suspense and surprises galore, and—unless, like me, you are among the impervious few—it can scare the bejeezus out of you.

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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It is the story of a highly gifted and attractive FBI trainee, Clarice Starling, chosen to help catch "Buffalo Bill," a serial killer of young women, whose bodies are found horribly flayed. The person who, it seems, could greatly facilitate the FBI's efforts to nab Bill is Hannibal "the Cannibal" Lecter, a distinguished psychiatrist and psychopath, who likes to eat his victims and is now in his eighth year in a maximum-security prison. In exchange for certain alleviations of the mode of his lifelong imprisonment—and because he might lust for Clarice—Lecter, who hitherto has refused to answer questions, might talk and provide useful hints.

Or so special FBI agent Jack Crawford believes when he sends Clarice to Dr. Chilton, the repulsive head of the prison-*cum*-asylum where Lecter is kept. Over Chilton's misgivings and, later, protests, Clarice proceeds to have some sessions with Lecter as she sits outside his special glass-walled cell. In a quid pro quo, he will tell her things about Buffalo Bill (who, it emerges, was the lover of one of his male patients) if she tells him things about herself, her childhood and adolescence. Her mother died early on, it turns out; her adored policeman father was killed by thugs when she was ten. Farmed out to a farmer relative in Montana, little Clarice could not stand the bleating of the lambs about to be slaughtered. She tried to escape with one of them, failed, and was sent to a foster home. She has yet to exorcise—to silence—the cry of the lambs in her mind's ears.

Meanwhile, she has Lecter in her ears: this demonic superman cajoles, humiliates, insults with gross sexual innuendo, compliments, and bullies

Alan Nahigian

her almost irresistibly. The girl stands up to him admirably, and does get helpful suggestions from Lecter, even if couched in anagrams and other puzzles that she cleverly solves. Meanwhile Bill has struck for the sixth time, this time abducting a woman senator's daughter, Catherine, whom he holds at the bottom of a dried-up well inside his ramshackle house somewhere in the Midwest.

From further grisly evidence that surfaces, Clarice correctly deduces that Bill kidnaps big overweight girls whom he starves for a while until their skin becomes loose for easier flaying. It also emerges that, a homosexual whose transvestism is literally skin-deep, he is sewing a body suit for himself out of women's skins; why it should take so many is not made clear. In any case, Crawford, Clarice, and the FBI are racing to catch him before he murders Catherine; meanwhile, through a series of bizarre maneuvers, Dr. Chilton's and his own, Lecter escapes in a particularly gruesome way, and here one has to be as gullible as a five-year-old or one of my fellow critics if one is not to laugh the horror out of its efficacy.

For example, even though he warns Clarice not to take sharp objects such as pencils into Lecter's vicinity, Dr. Chilton nevertheless toys with his Cross ballpoint pen while questioning Lecter on a later occasion, and the last we see is his leaving it lying around and Lecter eyeing it. But since Lecter is strapped into a sarcophagus-like cage, and even his face is in a metallic muzzle, how could he have absconded with it, short of having telekinesis in his repertoire? Moreover, he has whittled it down later on into something like a long nail—how? He is now held in a cage put up in the middle of a huge room of the Memphis art museum (or so it looks), with a pair of cops providing round-the-clock surveillance, and he is certainly not accorded tools with which to pare down pens. The escape, moreover, hinges on a piece of surgery that Lecter—a psychiatrist, not a plastic surgeon—performs brilliantly with a mere penknife.

Altogether, this Lecter is endowed with supernatural powers, being able to smell through a glass partition what Clarice's perfume is—*L'Air du temps*—even though Clarice is not wearing it that day. But still more amazing is that Lecter—intellectual, man of culture, gastronome—would enjoy feasting on raw human tongue and entrails with mere Chianti, when caviar with Cristal or Perrier-Jouët would be so much more appropriate. There are aristocratic types of psychopathology, but the film is capable only of the mass-audience variety, unsuitable to Lecter's elitist character.

Still, *Lambs* does have its strong points, too. Jonathan Demme is a very savvy director who knows how to establish the feel of a locale or the essence of a character with a few, telling brush-strokes. To such evocativeness and economy, he adds exact casting, fitting the right actors into even the smallest parts, down to Bill's toy poodle, perkily enacted by Starla. And Demme puts cross-cutting, a by now often tired-looking device, to a new, yet more stunning, use. And though Tak Fujimoto can photograph gorgeously, which he proves in the few instances where this is appropriate, Demme keeps his cinematographer mostly in low gear, giving the film the proper clinical look. Thus, too, he gets

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from Howard Shore, his composer, a score that is chillingly suggestive, without ever, like so much cheap horror-film scoring, warning you ahead of time with tautologically churned-out fright music.

Jodie Foster, surely the toughest of current Hollywood leading ladies (even her voice is an octave lower than the competition's), is a persuasive Clarice, balancing strength and vulnerability, and producing a superb West Virginia accent; let me hope she isn't a native West Virginian, which would minimize the achievement. Anthony Hopkins is galvanizing as Lecter; his accent may occasionally slip into British, but in every other way he is uncannily, hypnotically the bad doctor of every patient's nightmares. The goofier American version of this is well embodied by Anthony Heald's Dr. Chilton, and Scott Glenn, angular and anhedonic, is the perfect intransigent FBI agent, ascetic even in his infrequent forays into banter.

More disturbing to me than the violence and horror—which, for such a film, are handled with relative restraint—is the amorality of *Lambs*, the effect it has on the audience. I don't mind Lecter's getting away—such things happen in real life, alas. But that he should be presented as the wittiest and most ingenious character in the film, and that the further murder he plans should actually be cheered by the audience is morally wrong. In an age in which mayhem thrives, a mass medium should not be savoring one of the perpetrators quite so gleefully.

■ Another thriller, this one from Europe, is subtler and better than *The Silence of the Lambs*. The French-trained Dutch filmmaker Georges Sluizer has given us a remarkable piece of work in ***The Vanishing***. In it, horror is casually woven into the fabric of random existence like a wrong-color thread into an elaborate tapestry, where it escapes notice until it is too late.

None of the standard appurtenances of the horror genre are in evidence here. Things happen in broad daylight, not a single lethal weapon puts in an appearance, every seemingly incomprehensible development has its eventual explanation, and enormously much depends on chance, but a chance that does not smack of manipulation. No, this is that common garden variety chance all of us know, which works in monstrous or ludicrous ways, and sometimes both monstrous and ludicrous.

We have here one of those the-lady-vanishes stories, to be sure, but one unlike most of its predecessors. A pair of young Dutch lovers are touring the south of France by car. Rex likes to take crazy risks, such as letting the car's gas run out in the middle of a long tunnel. Saskia becomes hysterical. When Rex returns with a can of gasoline, she seems to have run away; but she hasn't, and they patch up their quarrel. Later, at a combination gas station, restaurant, and gift shop, Rex has the tank properly filled while Saskia goes to buy cold drinks for them. This time she vanishes for real.

Rex can't be sure whether she left him or was the victim of foul play. There are a few weak leads, but they quickly run dry. For the next three years, he obsessively spends all his available time and money in the region—searching, advertising, making pleas on television, following up letters from strangers—all to no avail. Meanwhile we (but not he) are also introduced to Raymond Lemorne, a typical French paterfamilias, with a wife and a couple of daughters. He is a science teacher living in the area, an upright man who nevertheless has some bizarre ideas. As a youth, to prove to himself that free will exists, he jumped off the family balcony, but survived. Now he has saved a little girl from drowning, and when his daughter congratulates him on his heroism, his goodness, he rebels: "I may be the only Frenchman who has been totally faithful to his wife!" And he resolves to prove to himself that he can be evil.

In France, the cradle of intellectual theories, philosophical speculations, literary movements—some of them quite *outré*—Raymond is not that unusual a case. Think of Gide's *acte gratuit* and Camus's *The Stranger*, to name only the two most relevant examples. Even so, the last part of the film—adapted by the Dutchman Tim Krabbé from his own novel—is, I think, beyond credibility, though, unlike in *Lambs*, a valiant effort is made to invest it with some psychological verisimilitude. And because everything that went before was so quietly persuasive despite its horror, the film-

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makers almost get away with their baroque ending.

Here, too, the acting is absolutely convincing down to the many tiny roles, and that of Bernard-Pierre Donnadieu, as Raymond, terrifyingly perfect. There is even one detail the two movies have in common: the deceptive use of a plaster cast on an unbroken forearm. And even this is put to more thought-provoking use in *The Vanishing*—like everything else. □

DELECTATIONS

Brazilian Days

NIKA HAZELTON

I HAVE been to Brazil twice, and loved every minute that I spent there. The first time, I lived there for several months; the second, I traveled the length and breadth of the country.

The first time, my then husband, Anthony, and I lived in a small town called Pitangueira, about four hours by very slow train from São Paulo city, which reminded me of Detroit with palm trees. Anthony had come to Pitangueira to fumigate the orange trees belonging to the Vestys of Liverpool, and we had traveled in a ship that also belonged to them. We were the only passengers on the voyage, apart from a bunch of malicious swans who occupied the two upper decks, biting everyone who came too close to their cages; and a majestic bull and his keeper. The bull was destined for Buenos Aires, where he was to be sold; I remember that the bull's keeper resembled the bull. During the two weeks of the crossing we played Monopoly every afternoon and evening with the captain.

Finally, we arrived at Santos, which served as the port of São Paulo; we stayed there only for a day or so, as time was running short for the fumigation of the trees. On the evening we arrived in Pitangueira we went straight to the fully furnished house that had been arranged for us. I still can see the large front porch, decorated with a painting of a nacreous full moon peeking from behind a steep path up a mountain, of which the owners of the house were very proud. And I can still see Anthony lolling in front of the painting.

Our life in Pitangueira was peaceful. Anthony went out in the evening to fumigate his trees, and I usually spent my days with Abe and his family, Greek Orthodox Lebanese who had come to Brazil via Canada. Abe owned the general store in town, called *Secos e Molhados* (Drys and Wets), where a thin smell of *pinga* always hung in the air. *Pinga* is the national strong drink, made from sugar cane, and the comfort of the men who drink a glass or two of it in the mornings before they go to work.

Abe's shop sold everything except fresh meat and produce, and furniture. Like the general stores in Western movies, Abe's was completely open to the street, with objects for sale piled everywhere. For that matter, Pitangueira looked like a Western-movie town, with its one-story buildings—only the splendid new jail had two stories. This jail must have been rather lenient, since the prisoners came out to the windows to participate in the main event of the town, the *paseo*. It took place in the square in front of the railroad station, with half of the population walking around in one direction, the other half *paseando* in the other direction. This way, the young ladies had the opportunity to assess the opposite sex without impropriety.

A few days after we arrived in Pitangueira, a well-endowed young lady, called Leonor, presented herself, offering her services as a maid. She had been sent by her father, who knew (how, I never found out) that we were respectable, and that we would look after his daughter. So I hired her, and life became easier still, since she did everything in the house.

My second time in Brazil was less monotonous. In the course of collecting information for a travel book (which never came out) I traveled around to all the cities of the Brazilian Union, which resembles the United States in size and variety. I learned Portuguese in the process, whereas before I had spoken the dialect of the São Paulo region.

From that trip I remember especially the architecture of Olina, now part of São Salvador city, the old northern capital of the Brazilian Union, and the numerous canals of São Salvador itself, which reminded me of Venice. The women waiting for the elevator to the Upper City wore voluminous, starched white muslin dresses, which I was told were the typical costume of the region. I also remember the zigzag mosaic pattern of the sidewalks in Rio, the truly exquisite Polis gardens in the state of Paraná, and the glorious statue of Verdi, no less, reclining nude in an armchair, while a muse hovered over him; done in cast iron, this statue was the best of all the monuments we saw in Brazil, where even a remote village has an unusual memento of its glorious dead, as the natives put it.

I recall my stay at Guaruja, reached by motorboat from Santos, where I learned how to drive a car. I can still see the loose-limbed teacher crouching on the floor of the ancient vehicle, holding my feet on the pedals as I learned the various maneuvers. But most of all, I remember the day my great friend Rachel de Quiroz took her seven-year-old son to the doctor for—she told me to my astonishment—a Wassermann test. She explained that syphilis and other venereal maladies were so much a part of life in Brazil that one could not have one's children checked too early. (To this day I can never see a Brazilian male without wondering if he had a Wassermann test in his early childhood.)

I could go on about the glories of Brazil, but suffice it to say that I had the best times of my life there. □

Mrs. Hazelton, an NR *contributing editor, is author of* Ups and Downs: Memoirs of Another Time.

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1 N	2 E	3 B	4 U	5 C	6 J	7 O	8 T	9 V	10 Q	11 D	12 G	13 A		14 S	15 L	16 B	17 I	
18 V	19 R	20 J	21 F		22 D	23 O	24 T	25 N	26 C	27 B	28 I		29 J	30 L	31 K		32 D	33 A
34 G		35 M	36 R	37 P	38 K	39 E	40 H	41 B	42 F	43 A	44 O	45 U		46 Q	47 N	48 J		49 D
50 G	51 K		52 T	53 V	54 H	55 F	56 C		57 I	58 A	59 H	60 D	61 L	62 R	63 P	64 Q	65 B	
66 N	67 U		68 A	69 O	70 K		71 F	72 S	73 G	74 V	75 N	76 B	77 H	78 O	79 U	80 C	81 T	
82 I	83 O	84 B	85 R	86 L	87 N	88 S	89 H	90 M	91 E		92 L	93 A	94 D		95 E	96 V	97 Q	98 L
99 S	100N	101D	102B		103T	104J		105E	106C	107B	108G	109I	110U	111A	112L		113U	114I
115O	116B	117H	118N	119D	120J		121T	122O		123G	124P		125S	126U	127I	128R	129Q	130N
131V	132J	133L	134G	135F	136H		137I	138E	139G	140R	141D	142O	143T	144C	145B	146K	147F	
148K	149J	150P	151M	152C	153A		154K	155A	156C	157J	158E	159P	160F		161Q	162U	163M	
164V	165J	166S	167K		168B	169L	170J	171O	172I	173F	174D	175Q	176H	177G	178K	179C		

DEFINITIONS

A. Those without peer—especially non-smokers — 58 111 68 155 93 153 33 13 43

B. Left to run wild — 116 102 168 76 3 107 41 16 145 65 27 84

C. Dutch port city — 56 156 144 26 80 5 179 152 106

D. Narcissus's preoccupation — 119 94 49 60 141 22 174 11 101 32

E. Timely—especially to Pierre — 105 95 39 138 2 158 91

F. Giving in — 160 55 147 135 71 42 21 173

G. Seeker of military conflict — 34 123 108 139 50 177 134 12 73

H. Nervous-system disease — 176 40 89 77 54 59 117 136

I. Extent of occurrence — 109 172 127 82 28 57 114 137 17

J. In another way — 48 132 104 29 165 170 20 157 6 149 120

K. Loblolly, for one — 178 146 154 31 148 51 70 38 167

L. Marginal marks — 133 61 169 15 92 98 30 112 86

M. Bumble and carpenter — 151 90 35 163

N. Stirring up — 130 75 66 118 25 87 100 1 47

O. Below — 7 122 115 171 23 83 44 78 142 69

P. French painter (1840–1926) — 159 150 124 63 37

Q. Put away the sword — 97 161 129 46 10 175 64

R. Abject poverty — 140 19 36 85 128 62

S. One of two — 166 125 99 14 72 88

T. Publication — 24 81 143 52 121 103 8

U. Holds — 110 4 126 79 162 113 67 45

V. Avocations — 53 96 164 18 9 74 131

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 60 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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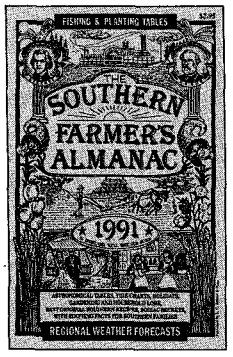

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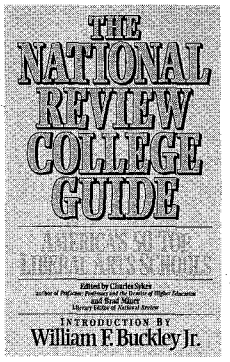

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

the football great from the Twenties ["The Week," Feb. 25].

The same week Red Grange died, John Bardeen passed away at 84. Who was John Bardeen? Only a handful of people could identify him as the co-inventor of the transistor and winner of two Nobel Prizes in physics. Mr. Bardeen was virtually unknown in the world at large even though his work affected the life of virtually every person on Earth. His marvelous, revolutionary device made possible the electronic technology of today and the future.

Alas, Mr. Bardeen was a media nonentity because he was merely a great scientist in a world that celebrates entertainers and sports figures. Do we still wonder why our youth place little value on scientific knowledge?

Frank Powell
Florence, Ala.

Viva Italia

I am very disappointed in the American media's performance during the war with Iraq ["On the Right," March 18]. While one reporter was hiding under a table and another was yelling, "Gas!" the Italian media were out capturing enemy soldiers.

Riley G. Petty
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Academic Balance

NATIONAL REVIEW's ongoing coverage of the decline in "higher education" is sad and entertaining at the same time ["A Quiet Threat to Academic Freedom," by James S. Coleman, March 18]. I studied film at the University of California, Santa Cruz, and graduated in 1988.

One of my favorite lecturers was a feminist associate professor, who often wore political T-shirts to class. One such T-shirt showed President Reagan's head in a sniper's cross hairs, with the words "WANTED FOR TERRORISM" on the back. This woman, after a showing of silent films, tried to convince a Polish foreign student (who was also a political refugee) that he shouldn't idolize America because *Birth of a Nation* correctly depicted how the "ruling white males" felt about blacks.

About the only thing I learned from this woman was that "any motion picture that has a happy ending, without a change in the economic system, is a reactionary film." Thank you for providing the balance in my life.

Michael John Miller
Crystal Bay, Nev.

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Yes, Help The Rebels

NEW YORK, APRIL 1

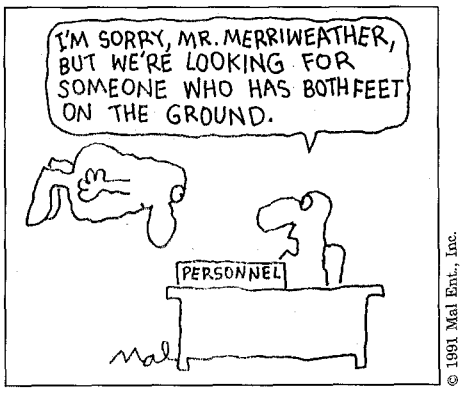
The slip of the tongue by General Schwarzkopf has caused an enormous draft, upsetting the serenity of the past few weeks. We know now that there was a division of opinion on exactly when to stop the military offensive against Saddam (of one thing we can be absolutely confident, that as between loyalty to the Commander-in-Chief and loyalty to scrupulous historical accuracy, General Schwarzkopf will give priority to the former). What gives special force to that disruptive current of air rushing through the calm counsels of self-satisfaction is the lurid reports we are receiving from Iraq, of which one needs merely one sample to serve as synecdoche: Six young men are detected scribbling anti-Hussein graffiti on a wall. They are apprehended, stripped naked, and hanged in public. It is very difficult to feel the luxurious tranquillity of victory when that kind of thing is going on.

Now Mr. Bush and his advisors have a position that is entitled to serious appraisal. It is that the mandate of the United Nations was to force Iraq out of Kuwait, and that this has been done. That is the external point. The internal point is that cooperation with the rebelling forces could result in the fragmentation of the state of Iraq. On television over the weekend Senator John Warner solemnly assured his listeners that it was just a matter of time before Saddam Hussein was overthrown, a datum of singular relief to those Iraqis who on that date will not yet have been tortured or killed. It is obviously hoped by Mr. Bush that tomorrow or the day after, or by Thanksgiving, Saddam Hussein will be overthrown.

The quarrel, then, is between those who feel that only geopolitical considerations are properly weighed, and those who believe that the point arrives when geopolitical considerations are grafted on to moral considerations. When at Casablanca Franklin D. Roosevelt announced that the Allies would settle for only unconditional surrender, he was making a moral point which immediately took on political life—a point that probably prolonged the war. If we had continued to insist on unconditional surrender by Japan, declining to guarantee the survival of the Emperor, that gesture might have cost us an extra million U.S. casualties.

Mr. Bush never hesitated in the months before his great victory to pronounce Saddam Hussein to be a "Hitler." The general sentiment is that Hitlers cannot be left to run whole countries, even countries whose destructive potential has been vastly reduced. Iraq is no longer in a position to threaten Kuwait, or Israel; but the government of Saddam is well positioned to continue barbarous treatment of those Iraqis whom we encouraged to revolt against him. To be indifferent to their needs when we have sitting in the area the heaviest military concentration since the invasion of Normandy strikes many people who aren't given to thinking in geopolitical grids as morally insensible.

On the matter of the UN mandate, Resolution 686 authorizes the coalition to move against Iraq to cause it to "Cease hostile or provocative actions by its forces against all member states and other parties, including missile attacks and flights of combat aircraft." The rebels would surely qualify as "other parties." And the helicopters which General Schwarzkopf said he had been "suckered" into permitting the Iraqis to use are certainly combat aircraft, and are being used against Iraqis courageous enough to align themselves with the coalition. They are volunteers, answering the mobilization call of George Bush.



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The objection that other members of the coalition would not sanction shooting down Saddam's helicopters being used to shoot Iraqi rebels is by no means obvious. In Great Britain, the press is highly mobilized in opposition to inaction. The Kurds do not constitute a threat to Turkey, and in any event are asking not for independence, but merely for more autonomy. Syria is frozen in the existing situation, and Israel has every reason to hope for the quick extinction of the neighboring dictator who threatened to pulverize Israel only a year ago. The geopolitical argument in favor of withdrawal is subsumed in the moral argument in favor of liberating Iraq from Saddam Hussein. □

L.A. Law

NEW YORK, MARCH 22

I have come to a personal conclusion about the episode of the police in Los Angeles. But the protocols are not uninteresting, and they require you to listen, as the jury will have to listen, to the case for the defense. Is there such?

There were three men, Mr. King (the principal victim) and two friends. One of them (Mr. Helms) was remarkably aloof from what was going on: he slept through the wild chase, up until the fleeing car was brought to a stop. Rodney King's fugitive behavior at the wheel of the car had defied the understanding of King's other companion (Mr. Allen). "I told him, 'Rodney, pull over, stop.' He just kept on going, kept on driving."

To quote the report of *New York Times* writer Seth Mydans, "He [Allen] said Mr. King continued driving on the freeway for about five minutes, with the patrol car behind them, during which time he continued to urge him to pull over."

"I was scared," Allen said, adding that he thought his friend at the wheel was acting "odd." "I was thinking, 'Why doesn't he pull over?' He wasn't saying nothing, just driving."

Eventually King went down an off ramp, stopped at the stop sign (curious reflex), then went on. "I said, 'Rodney, pull over.' We were still driving, and the lights were flashing. I could hear a lot of cars. We stopped at a red light and took off again. We came to another red light. I told him, 'Rodney, stop,' and he finally went to pull over and he stopped."

The lawyer for Allen, John Burton, told the *Times* that the car might have been going as fast as eighty miles per

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hour. Burton added that the men had each drunk a forty-ounce bottle of Old English 800 malt liquor.

One reasonably assumes from the above that the defense will attempt to persuade the jury: 1) that the driver was under the influence of alcohol; 2) that the driver appeared desperate to avoid being stopped by the police; and therefore 3) that the police instinctively thought him dangerous—perhaps he was fleeing a murder he had just committed.

Allen: "The police ordered us, 'Driver, put your hands out the window.' They said, 'Take your left hand outside the door and step out.' Rodney had the seat belt [on], and it kind of yanked him back. The police were getting nervous too. They told him to lie flat down, and he lay flat down. . . . The police put the handcuffs on me, and that's when I heard Rodney screaming. He was screaming like he was getting a whupping."

The defense is likely to attempt to persuade the jury that when King began to come out of the driver's seat but suddenly snapped back, his motion arrested by the seat belt, the police suspected that he might be reaching for a weapon. The resulting tension is more easily understandable in men whose job requires them to face desperate men at gunpoint than it would be in others.

End the case for the defense.

Suppose it had been just two police officers. Their quarry is not handcuffed. They have chased him for miles, concluded that he was dangerous, were startled by his jack-in-the box action in coming out of the car. And now, the manacles in place, they drain their nervous fear by clubbing the victim into insensibility. That could be understood as the activity of normal men (in the infantry, such reactions against an enemy soldier caught after a chase would not be extraordinary).

What alters the character of the episode is of course the presence of as many as 17 other police officers who simply stood by, as though they were official witnesses at an execution that came after a jury trial, two appeals to state courts, two to federal courts, and finally the decision of the Supreme Court: Proceed with the execution. Can we assume that the official onlookers were taking natural, vicarious relief from the savage beating; as though it were they who had been directly threatened?

One has to decline to believe this; an assembly of that size imposes a sense of security in a Him-versus-Us situation. One has to conclude that there is an insensibility in the Los Angeles police that is difficult to understand and impossible to defend. That it is everywhere deemed inexplicable is the one redeeming factor in the grisly episode. □

In Re Ryskamp

NEW YORK, MARCH 20

Get this. The *Miami Review*, which is acting as an organ for People for the American Way, gives the following as one of the reasons why the Senate should not confirm Kenneth Ryskamp for elevation to the Circuit Court of Appeals. "[Judge Ryskamp] is active in the Presbyterian Church in America, a conservative Presbyterian body. The group has taken a strong anti-abortion position, does not accept the ordination of women into the ministry, and views homosexuality as a sin." As we live and breathe. If you subscribe to a religion that takes these positions, you are not qualified to serve as a federal judge. That means: No Catholic can serve. No Orthodox Jew. No high-church Anglican. And no conservative Presbyterian. People for the American Way, they presume to call themselves.

The case against Judge Ryskamp is following Borkian lines. All that matters, as far as Senate liberals are concerned, is that they block his nomination, to which end they are willing to indulge allegations against him which make Senator McCarthy sound like Plato. Consider this one.

One Mr. Goldberg is fired by the Legal Services outfit he is working for. He is outraged and brings a lawsuit charging that the real reason for firing him is that he is white, and that Florida Rural Legal Services is interested primarily in giving jobs to blacks and Hispanics. Legal Services says that's ridiculous, the real reason for firing Goldberg is that he is "insensitive" on racial questions.

The case goes to Judge Ryskamp and he looks at the evidence. He finds that Mr. Goldberg had voluntarily left a lucrative legal career in the private sector to help fight discrimination in poor communities. And he commented, "I guess we are thankful that people are willing to work at those low salaries"—i.e., the salaries paid by Florida Rural Legal Services—"and I have to think that they are idealistic and that they are motivated for the good of not only the country, but the community, and it's . . . unthinkable that Mr. Goldberg is a racist when he is devoting his efforts to helping these people."

Given these circumstances, how could the Legal Services people arrive at the conclusion that Goldberg was a racist or at least insensitive? Here is the transcript of what Judge Ryskamp said: "I think there is an overreaction on the [employer's] side. He [Goldberg] did refer to 'Colored Town.' I guess maybe thirty or forty years ago we all thought 'colored' was a good way to express that. It was better than saying 'nigger' or something worse than that, so I thought that for a while that word was well received. But then I guess the blacks said, We would rather be called 'blacks,' and you thought of scenes of drinking fountains that said 'White' and 'Colored' and restrooms that said 'White' and 'Colored' and the word 'colored' became a bad word. I kind of question Goldberg's defense of it [the expression, "Colored Town"] as being sarcasm [that was Mr. Goldberg's defense, that he was being sarcastic] because he used it regularly on his checked sheets, so if that were an offensive term, then maybe he was showing some insensitivity to the community he was working with. I think that there was a total overreaction to it, though. I can't believe that people are so thin-skinned that the term Colored Town is going to be highly offensive. Especially if what he says is true—that that was the official designated area [i.e., that that was the name traditionally given to the area in question]—but he did apologize and I think that his apology, although not well taken by his employer, was a proper apology."

Believe it or not, the *Tampa Tribune* conveyed this as saying that Judge Ryskamp "said people were 'thin-skinned' when they took offense to referring to a predominantly black community as 'colored town.' "

We are talking about a civic-minded lawyer who has served five years with distinction as a federal district judge, whose entire history was surveyed by the American Bar Association's Standing Committee on Federal Judiciary, which, after examining the nominee's record in respect of "compassion, decisiveness, open-mindedness, sensitivity, courtesy, patience, freedom from bias, and commitment to equal justice," held him to be: "Well qualified." But this gentleman has to defend his record against the likes of Senators Kennedy and Metzenbaum and Biden, who are still flushed with their victory over Judge Robert Bork and, in pursuit of a left-activist judiciary, will happily perpetuate such unjust accusations as are leveled at a judge who wasn't smart enough to disavow his Protestant faith when he decided on a judicial career. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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OFF THE RECORD

Fun with Numbers. Representative Dick Armey (R., Tex.), one of the leaders on the Republican tax pledge last year, seemed an unlikely candidate for a promotion so long as Bob Michel remained minority leader. Indeed, Mr. Armey did not get the slot on the Rules Committee he coveted, but he was made the ranking Republican on the Joint Economic Committee, Congress's equivalent of the President's Council of Economic Advisors.

This puts Mr. Armey in a position to challenge the biased figures—especially the static analysis that takes no account of the incentive effects on revenue of supply-side tax cuts—of bodies such as the Congressional Budget Office (CBO). Indeed, in a recent rules package, House Democrats tried to cheat on the budget-summit agreement by removing the task of estimating expenditures and revenues from the Office of Management and Budget, under the President's control, and giving it to the CBO, which marches to Democratic drums. Armey's first shot across the Democrats' bows came when he challenged the accuracy of the Green Book, the income- and tax-distribution tables put out each year by the House Ways and Means Committee. In these tables, as columnist Warren Brookes notes, income from capital gains is not adjusted for inflation, thus showing more income disparity than really exists. Nice to see Republicans taking on the rules of the game again.

One Adam 12. The Los Angeles cops' beating of Rodney King—and the Justice Department's quick decision to investigate possible violations of his civil rights—has breathed new life into a pro-life *cause célèbre*. Cato hears that a group of lawyers has just met with Deputy Attorney General William Barr to press him to reopen a Justice investigation into the LAPD's treatment of Operation Rescue activists in 1989, when police broke bones, beat rescuers, and even dragged some of them through horse manure.

Two months ago, the Justice Department stunned pro-lifers by announcing it could find no grounds for charges against the cops, since their "intent" to injure could not be "proven"—even though many of these incidents were videotaped, *à la* the now-infamous Rodney King clip. Pro-lifers hope accusations of a double standard might reopen the case of police brutality against Operation Rescue.

Taxing Republicans. Elsewhere in Congress the divisions that emerged over last year's disastrous budget-summit deal are appearing again on the question of a Social Security tax cut, first proposed by Democrats but now endorsed by some Republicans in the form of a conservative alternative pushed by Representative Tom DeLay (R., Tex.) and Senator Malcolm Wallop (R., Wyo.). Critics of the cut, who include Senator Phil Gramm (R., Tex.), Representative Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.), and President George Bush, argue against tampering with Social Security, particularly since the Democrats will undoubtedly move to raise the cap. But tax-cutters counter that even with the cap raised *everyone* will still enjoy a net tax cut at the end of the day—and that those opposing the Social Security cut have put nothing else on the table as an alternative. It's getting harder and harder to read Republican lips these days.

"We're from the City Zoning Commission, sir—we've decided to tear your house down and put up a slum."

The Burning Bush. Last year George Bush alienated many of his religious supporters by inviting homosexual activists to the White House for a signing ceremony. But schmoozing cuts both ways, and at a Holy Thursday Q&A session with members of the religious press, the President blasted the "outrageous actions" and "totally counterproductive" tactics of gay extremists, whose latest blitz against John Cardinal O'Connor stems from his opposition to a new condom-distribution program for New York's high-school students. "I condemn the kind of behavior that heaps ridicule on an established, treasured religion," said President Bush, who described ACT-UP's attacks on the cardinal as "offensive" and "an excess of free speech." As for the Big Apple's condom drive—which requires no parental consent—the President said, "We want the parents involved. We want them involved in all kinds of counseling. We want to strengthen the family, not weaken it."

Whose Ox? Stanford University President Donald Kennedy has been embarrassed by disclosures that the university has overcharged the Federal Government by millions and millions of dollars. The money was meant for research costs, but Representative John D. Dingell (D., Mich.), chairman of the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations, cited bills for $6,000 for cedar lining in the closets of Mr. Kennedy's home, a $2,000-a-month flower bill, and $20,000 in depreciation on a yacht as not quite falling under the category of academic research. (This is the same Donald Kennedy who went over China scholar Steven W. Mosher's $12,000 China grant with a fine-tooth comb after Peking accused Mr. Mosher of spying.) Since Mr. Kennedy is so big on multiculturalism, perhaps Stanford should replace his yacht with a sampan. —CATO

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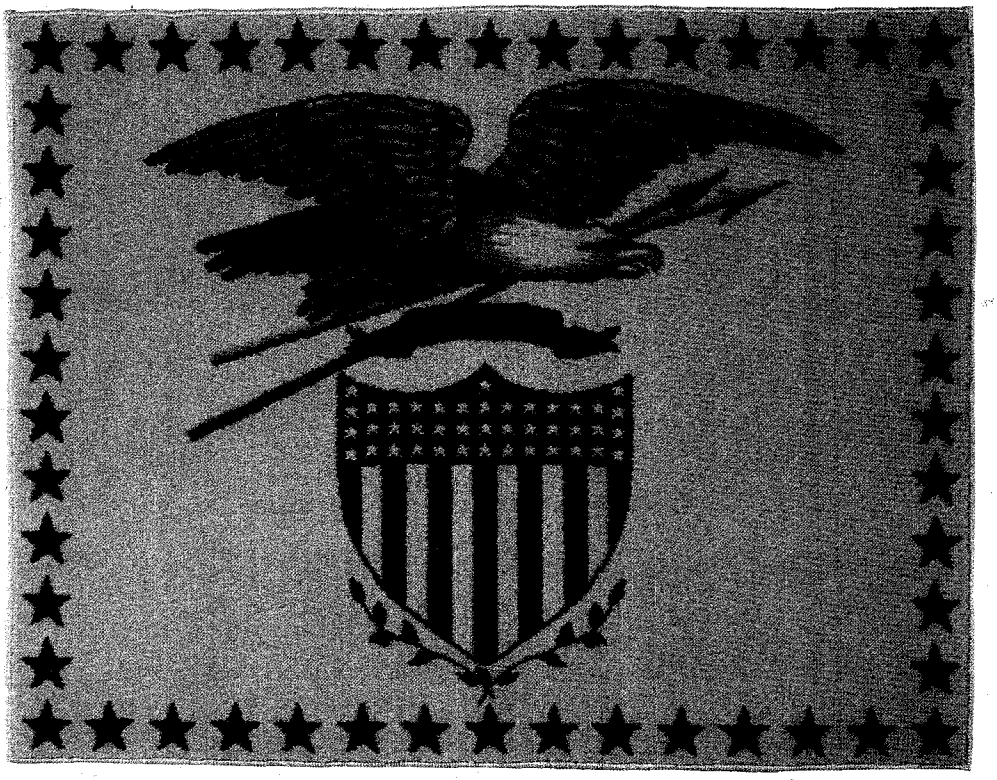

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